Due t
its in
and
not
to g
fre
m

REATEST BOOK of the AGE

FACTUAL . . . . .

AUTHENTIC . . .

SCIENTIFIC . . . .

INFORMATIVE

ILLUMINATING

The History of the Planet . . .
The History of the Human Races . . .
History of Every Major Religion . . .
Man's Origin, Purpose and Destiny Revealed

Such books as OAHSPE (Meaning Sky, Earth and Spirit) are given mankind but once each 3,000 years, at the birth of a new cycle in man's evolution. OAHSPE is a key to the past, a panorama of the present and a preview of the future. OAHSPE bridges the gap between the Seen and the Unseen worlds, explains psychic phenomena in terms one can understand, opens the mind to a flood of new LIGHT on life's every problem.

De Luxe Edition. Flexible Binding of Rich Blue Fabrikoid. 980 pages, 95 illustrations. Thirty-six books in one volume. Sent postpaid with ten-day money-back guarantee to satisfy. $5.00 postpaid. $5.50 C.O.D. Order from

KOSMON PUBLICATIONS

DEPT. P, 2208 WEST 11th ST. LOS ANGELES 6, CALIFORNIA

INC

FATE

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 2

JULY 1949 25c

THE MIRACLE MIND OF NIKOLA TESLA
BY J. HAROLD BYERS

THOMAS ALVA EDISON AND "THE LITTLE PEOPLE"
FROM EDISON'S OWN DIARY

ARE THERE TOO MANY PEOPLE?
BY DR. FAIRFIELD OSBORN

THE THINKING HORSES OF ELBERFELD
BY HENRY RICH

True Stories On The Mysterious, The Strange, The Unusual, The Unknown

VALENTINO--
WAS HIS DEATH FORETOLD?
BY VINCENT H. GADDIS
The True Facts About The Unexplainable "Death Seance"

Atlantis... Lemuria!

THE TRUTH AT LAST!

The ancient races still live! The legendary Atlans and their Elder Brothers, the Titans, still exist — the Atlans, decadent and horribly enslaved in huge caverns in the earth; the Titans fled into outer space two-hundred centuries ago, now returning in the famed "flying disks." You've got to read this incredible book to understand and realize the truth in it; 150,000 people have already read the story and have written us more than 50,000 letters backing up the sensational statements of its author. Don't let secrecy and censorship keep the truth of what's going on in the world today from you. The answer lies underground and in the air. Get the book and learn the truth!

"I REMEMBER LEMURIA!"

by RICHARD S. SHAVER

Particularly recommended to Students of the Occult

Limited edition. Get your copy now. The price is $3.00 postpaid.

Only prepaid orders accepted.

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT ESOTERIC BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED

VENTURE BOOKS

P. O. BOX 671

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JULY 1949

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 2

FATE

STORIES

Factual accounts of actual experiences

VALENTINO: WAS HIS DEATH FORETOLD? ..... Vincent H. Gaddis 4
HAUNTED MUSIC ..... Pauline Saltzman 14
THE TOMB THAT WEEPS ..... Edmond P. Gibson 34
MEN OF MYSTERY: MORGAN ROBERTSON ..... Vincent H. Gaddis 46
NEW MEXICO'S STRANGEST STORY ..... P. J. Rasch 58
PHANTOMS IN THE PHILIPPINES ..... Manuel Buaken 64
THE THINKING HORSES OF ELBERFELD ..... Henry Rich 80

ARTICLES

Articles on the strange and the unknown

THOMAS ALVA EDISON AND "THE LITTLE PEOPLE" ..... From His Own Diary 8
THE SACRED SOCIETY OF THE AREOI ..... Robert Schick 28
THROUGH SOLID WALLS ..... Clarkson Dye 38
THE MIRACLE MIND OF NIKOLA TESLA ..... J. Harold Byers 52
ARE THERE TOO MANY PEOPLE? ..... Dr. Fairfield Osborn 82
TUMACACORI TREASURE LEGEND ..... Joe Rice 84
CAN ANCESTRAL MEMORIES BE INHERITED? ..... Juan H. McBroom 86

FEATURES

Competent reporting on unusual topics

EDITORIAL ..... Robert N. Webster 2
JUST A LITTLE TOO HIGH TIDE! 18
TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES ..... The Readers 19
STARS OVER INDIA ..... Nagam H. Arrogya 45
THE DINOSAUR AND THE OIL WELL 51
WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE ..... Dr. W. E. Farbstein 56
THE GHOST THAT CONVICTED A MURDERER ..... V. B. Shay 62
CRISWELL PREDICTS ..... Jeron King Criswell 71
GHOST ARMY OF THE CIVIL WAR ..... John Phillip Bessor 78
REPORT FROM THE READERS ..... The Readers 91

Published bi-monthly by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY at 139 North Clark Street, Chicago 2, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1948 at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879, additional entry at Concord, New Hampshire. We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

• Copyright 1949, CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY

the Editorial

YOUR editor has often been accused of having a suspicious mind. Perhaps he has, because at the moment he is staring at a newspaper clipping sent him by an obliging reader. It reveals that the "foodless China girl" who claimed she had not eaten in nine years has been proven to be a fraud. A dentist has discovered food particles lodged between her teeth. So, there goes another of our "stories" even before we get a chance to run it. Miss Yang Mei eats.

But wait a minute . . . Let's apply FATE's own yardstick to this newspaper clipping. How much stock can we put in it? First, who was the dentist who discovered the food particles. Just "a" dentist. Well, now, how are we going to *check* that statement? Maybe we'd be wiser if we just took it with a grain of salt? Maybe there isn't any dentist after all? At least he is ephemereal enough not to have a name. Maybe we can just go "poof" and he isn't there at all? It seems proving he *was* there is a lot more difficult. Very careless reporting—we'd say, and if FATE presented a story with the same careful attention to detail, we'd yell "fake" at the top of our voices.

Further, according to the original story, scientists (this time giving names) just didn't believe Miss Yang Mei, and therefore conducted a test. They kept her under strict observation for weeks and discovered she was getting along fine without any food at all. So, after having erased their doubts, they announced the matter, very foolishly, to the world. We say foolishly, because now they are made to look like jackasses, and jackasses they are if they let this latest news release go through on the flimsy structure it has presented.

Or can it be that somehow, again, the "miracle" has proved embarrassing (to whom?) and it has been "refuted" in that sly, unfactual, careless, scornful (of people like your editor) way they have? Now everybody who got a wrinkled frown on his forehead trying to think this "miracle" out can relax and forget about it. He can be lulled back to sleep. His momentary flash of alertness and interest and intellectual calisthenics can die in its tracks.

But, and we are delighted to see it, the writer who "did" the expose on Miss Mei started off his article with "Circumstantial evidence indicated today that . . ." There it is, you thinkers! Even the guy at the typewriter, given that unfactual mess to whip into seventeen lines of small type, called it a phoney. Bravo, whoever you were, and if the world will pardon us—we'll grant Miss Yang Mei her continued fast,

at least until a *competent* examiner, who will back up what he says with his name and address, comes along.

ON AUGUST 29, 1948, Violet Goglin, 18, walked into the waters of the Madawaska River near Bancroft, Ontario, Canada, and was drowned. Her father said: "Violet was led by the Holy Spirit to the river and into the water the same as Phillip was led by the spirit in the Bible." Violet's sister, Viola, 23, said: "God told me to go with her. I stood on the bank and kept praising while Violet walked into the river. She kept walking in and praising and repeating, 'Fair is the victory' until she disappeared."

Sister and father are happy because "she received the blessing of the Lord and had been called to him."

The newspaper that reported this story reported it that way. Just facts, no opinions. They didn't even ask "why?". They couldn't risk libel. Neither can we. But we can't help asking how it all really happened. How did it happen that Violet was called into the river to her death? Why did Viola accompany her, knowingly, and watch her sister die? What fantastic spell overwhelmed her love for her sister to the extent that she could watch her sister kill herself with no emotion but happiness because of the blessing her sister was receiving? Was not a single (secret) tear shed over the departed? Your editor does not doubt the story in the slightest. He believes every word of it. Violet *was* called and she went. Her folks *are* happy about it. Only, if your editor had been there, he would have prevented the suicide by force; and since he wasn't there to prevent it, he feels a sick sensation way down in the pit of his stomach about Violet. When his daughter grows up, he's going to show her this story and he's going to tell her the spirit who calls her to the river is a liar and not to listen—and God forgive him his craven, blasphemous soul.

ANOTHER CLIPPING that came to our desk contains an odd little "Rhythm of Death." It lists twenty-one presidents, and points out that every fourth one died in office beginning with Zachary Taylor—except Franklin D. Roosevelt; he was the third president after Harding. The clipping cleverly makes him conform to the pattern by listing him twice (maybe out of deference to his four terms). How much more of our "mysticism" comes from idle minds trying to make something out of nothing?

NOTE ON flying saucers: the Army no longer talks about them. Flying disks are now "classified": that is, they are in the same category as atom bombs and guided missiles. Seems hard to deny their existence now! They are as real as atom bombs and V-2 rockets.

OUR NEXT issue will be dated September, on sale July 1.

Robert N. Webster

VALENTINO:
WAS HIS DEATH FORETOLD?

by Vincent H. Gaddis

Rudolph Valentino made two films which catapulted him to fame and made him the idol of millions of women. They were "The Sheik" and "Son Of The Sheik". This photo was one of his favorite poses and depicts him in the swashbuckling costume which typified his appeal to his fans. However, great acting ability went with his natural magnetism, and it was best typified by his roles in "Monsieur Beaucaire" and in the tremendous epic, "The Four Horsemen". It was during the making of this last movie that the grim spectre of Death rose to haunt and confuse him.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO was Hollywood's greatest lover. After 20 years his fame is as great as ever and greying women who saw him in their youth still cherish the memory of the dark-eyed actor's animal magnetism. In life he was idolized by millions. In death he has become a unique legend in the history of entertainment.

Hundreds visit his grave on the anniversary of his death each year and officials at the Hollywood cemetery where his remains rest say that the number of visitors increases annually and beyond all reason.

Organizations throughout the world perpetuate his memory. In England the Valentino Memorial Association keeps his name alive with regular meetings. The Valentino Memorial Guild, which has a worldwide membership, sponsors revivals of their idol's films and sends a wreath to his tomb each year. A club in Hungary requires its members to think of him at least once each day. At meetings, members sing his favorite song, "Pale Hands I Loved Beside the Shali-

mar," and recite poems from his book "Day Dreams."

Soon after the first World War a strange book appeared and became a world best seller. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was written by Senor Vicente Blasco Ibanez and told a curious story linking the four dread horsemen of the Book of Revelation in the Bible to events during the great war. A scenario of the story was written by June Mathis and it was produced as a film by Marcus Loew. Like the book, the movie was a sensational success and brought wealth and fame to the writer, scenarist, producer, and its leading star—Rudolph Valentino.

Months passed. Valentino appeared in "Blood and Sand," also by Blasco Ibanez, "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Sheik," and rapidly became the brightest star in the cinema sky. He and June Mathis became close friends and both were interested in the occult. At the home of Miss Mathis' mother impromptu seances were often held. Valentino developed the ability to do automatic writing.

Then came the first of the series of strange tragedies which were to end with Valentino's death. The screen star was stricken while visiting in New York City. He was taken to a hospital and it was announced that an operation would have to be performed. But his general health was good and his condition was not at first regarded as serious.

At this time a strange group was meeting in a French chateau on the Riviera. It consisted of Richard Hudnut, the millionaire perfume manufacturer, his wife, and daughter Natacha Rambova, the divorced actress-wife of Rudolph Valentino. A medium, George Wehner of New York City, was present and the group had been conducting a series of seances. Although George Ullman, Valentino's manager, had cabled Miss Rambova that the actor's condition was not serious, she was worried.

It was the night of August 20, 1926. Here on a rocky prominence overlooking the Mediterranean, a weird seance was held. According to the story released to the press the following day, Valentino's mother had come from the vasty deep beyond the veil of earthly life and announced that her son would die within three days. There was a constant stream of cables across the Atlantic in the next few days and a reconciliation took place between Valentino and Miss Rambova. But on August 23 the prophecy was fulfilled. Valentino was dead.

A few months later June Mathis arrived in New York. She told friends that she had seen Valentino in the bedroom of her Hollywood home on the evening of his death. She had been reading and glanced up to see his phantom form. Then it had vanished.

Miss Mathis went on to tell another strange thing that had happened to her in recent weeks. She related to Alice James, a New York writer, that three times while she had been speaking of Valentino, nearby orchestras suddenly started playing the plaintive "Kashmiri Song" of Lawrence Hope which had been one of Valentino's favorite musical selections. He had once made a recording of this piece at her home.

Rudolph Valentino as he appeared in the famous movie "Monsieur Beaucaire"

"I feel that Rudy is trying to tell me something through that song," Miss Mathis said. "That he is calling me . . ." Two weeks later, and exactly 11 months after Valentino's death, Miss Mathis died suddenly in a theater in New York City. Less than two months later, on September 5, 1927, Marcus Loew, the producer, suddenly passed on. His death was followed by the passing of Senor Blasco Ibanez, the author, within four months. A rumor circulated through Hollywood that "The Four Horsemen" was jinxed; that it had brought death to the four persons to whom it had previously brought fame. Hollywood never forgot the dread words of the Book of Revelation.

. . . I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and See.

And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.

Revelation 6:8

THE END

THOMAS ALVA EDISON AND "THE LITTLE PEOPLE"

From Edison's Own Diary

The late Thomas A. Edison, world-famous scientist and inventor, developed a scientific concept of immortality. He believed that all of us are host to swarms of immortal "life entities" which he called "the little people." In his mind they lived forever, passing from one body to another. He hoped that in their passing they kept together, thus keeping the human personality immortal. And he hoped to construct an electrical apparatus which would make contact with these little people, and with the souls of the departed.

This article is condensed from the recently published book, "The Diary and Sundry Observations of Thomas Alva Edison," edited by Dagobert D. Runes, Philosophical Library, publishers, 15 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. 247 pages. Price $4.75.

FRANKLY, I do not accept the present theories about life and death. I believe, rightly or wrongly, that life is indestructible, and I also believe that there has always been a fixed quantity of life on this planet, and that this quantity can neither be increased nor decreased.

But that does not mean that I believe the survival of personality has been proved—as yet. Perhaps it may be one day. Perhaps some apparatus upon the lines of my "valve" may prove it but that day is not yet, nor have I as yet secured any results definitely to prove such survival.

I have been at work for some time building an apparatus to see if it is possible for personalities which have left this earth to communicate with us. If this is ever accomplished, it will be accomplished not by any occult, mysterious or weird means, but by scientific methods. If what we call personality exists after death, and that personality is anxious to communicate with those of us who are still in the flesh on this earth, there are two or three kinds of apparatus which should make communication very easy. I am engaged in the construction of one such apparatus now, and I hope to be able to finish it before very many months pass.

I am working on the theory that

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

our personality exists after what we call life leaves our present material bodies.

What I believe is that our bodies are made up of myriads of units of life. Our body is not itself *the* unit of life or *a* unit of life. It is the tiny entities which may be the cells that are the units of life.

Everything that pertains to life is still living, and cannot be destroyed. Everything that pertains to life is still subject to the laws of animal life. We have myriads of cells, and it is the inhabitants in these cells, inhabitants which themselves are beyond the limits of the microscope, which vitalize and "run" our body.

To put it another way, I believe that these life-units of which I have spoken band themselves together in countless millions and billions in order to make a man. We have too easily assumed that each one of us is himself a unit, just as we have assumed that the horse or dog is each a unit of life. This, I am convinced, is wrong thinking. The fact is that these "life-units" are too tiny to be seen even by the most high-powered microscope, and so we have assumed that the unit is the man which we can see, and have ignored the existence of the real life-units, which are those we cannot see.

There is nothing to prevent these entities from carrying on the varied work of the human body. I have had the calculations made, and the theory of the electron is, in my

view, satisfactory, and makes it quite possible to have a highly organized and developed entity like the human body made up of myriads of electrons, themselves invisible.

Further, I believe that these life-units themselves possess memory. If a man burns his hand, the skin will grow in exactly the same pattern again, and with the same lines as the hand originally had before the accident. Now, it would be quite impossible for these hundreds of fine lines to be meticulously reproduced if there were no memory for detail behind the rebuilding of them. The skin does not grow that way and in exactly the same pattern again "by chance." There is no chance.

In connection with the problem of life after death, the thing that matters is what happens to what one may call the "master" entities —those that direct the others. Eighty-two remarkable operations on the brain have definitely proved that the seat of our personality lies in that part of the brain known as the fold of Broca. It is not unreasonable to suppose that these entities which direct our bodies reside within this fold. The supreme problem is what becomes of these master entities after what we call death, when they leave the body.

The point is whether these directing entities remain together after the death of the body in which they have been residing, or whether they go about the universe after breaking up. If they break up and no longer remain as an ensemble, then it looks to me that our personality does not survive death; that is, we do not survive death as individuals.

I do hope myself that personality survives and that we persist. If we do persist upon the other side of the grave, then my apparatus, with its extraordinary delicacy, should one day give us the proof of that persistence, and so of our own eternal life.

WE DO NOT REMEMBER. A certain group of our little people do this for us. They live in the "fold of Broca." Broca discovered and proved that everything we call memory goes on in a little strip not much more than a quarter of an inch long. That is where the little people live who keep our records for us.

A man was here the other day who had recently visited the school house he attended when he was five years old. As he drew near the little building his mind was flooded with memories. But when he approached one of the side windows and looked into the room where he learned the alphabet, he got a great shock. Something was wrong with the windows! They were too low. Then the answer came to him. The last time he had looked through that window he was so short that he had to grab hold of the sill to pull himself up. He had grown so tall that his eyes were perhaps three feet above the sill.

Now see what had happened. For more than 40 years some of the little people in this man's brain had carried about with them a certain recollection about those window sills. The recollection was that the sills were so high one could not look through the windows without pulling himself up. Wherever he went during those 40-odd years, that recollection was with the man,

though he did not know it. During this time, the substance of his body, including his brain, had changed several times, but the little peoples that live in the cells had not changed.

The moment the little peoples in that man's optic nerves began to see moving pictures of those old window sills and sent the message back to the brain, some of the little people in the fold of Broca began to stir. They had heard about those window sills before. They were so high that nobody could look through them without pulling himself up!

There may be 12 or 15 shifts that change about and are on duty at different times like men in a factory. I infer this from the fact that we sometimes have to send for the particular ones that have the records we want. That is what we do, I think, when we cudgel our memories for the things we want to recall. We have forgotten a man's name, for instance. We ask the shift of little peoples who happen to be on duty, "What is the man's name?"

They were not on duty when the name was given to them to remember and they don't know. After a while, suggestion or something else summons the shift that has the name and they give it. Haven't you noticed that when you get in touch with the right group the thing you want to recall comes crashing into your consciousness with no evidence whatever of impaired vitality? Therefore it seems likely that remembering a thing is all a matter of getting in touch with the shift that was on duty when the recording was done.

These little intelligences inhabit human bodies just to get experience. They seem to crave it. As I see it, something like this happens: Billions of little peoples, perhaps, come together in a certain individual. Some want to do one thing, and some another. Some have high ideals and some have not. For a while, they fight out their differences and then the stronger group takes charge and this group dominates the man's life. Sometimes there is harmony. But oftentimes the minority is not willing to conform. Minorities then sometimes say, "To Hell with this place, let's get out of it." They refuse to do their appointed work in the man's body, he sickens and dies, and the minority gets out, as does too, of course, the majority. They are all set free to seek new experience somewhere else.

I should like to think that the recollections of experiences in one human life are carried forward through an endless succession of other lives. If the same little peoples were forever grouped together we should then have immortality and, what is perhaps more important, we should be able to begin each new experience with all the wisdom that we had gained during the ones that preceded it. This, however, is not what happens. Each generation commits most of the same follies that have been committed since the beginning of time.

Nevertheless, I believe that some of our experiences are carried forward into succeeding generations. Put your finger in a sleeping baby's hand. What does the baby do? It closes its hand on your finger. Why? Because some of the little peoples in this baby remember the time

when their forefathers lived in trees and it was necessary, to keep from falling and breaking their necks, to close their hands upon the limbs of trees.

I do not see how there could be any such thing as carrying from one person to another the *bulk* of the recollections that the little peoples have as they go along. These minute intelligences that carry our records would become so burdened, if they did not forget most of their experiences, that they would have no further capacity for memorizing.

If my theory is correct—that the machine called man is only a mass of dead matter and that the real life is in the millions of individual units which navigate this machine, and if on the destruction of the machine these individual units keep together, including those which have charge of memory (which is our personality)—then I think it is possible to devise apparatus to receive communications, if they desire to make them. It will be very difficult, as each individual unit, as to size, is beyond the limit of our present microscopes.

When I was a little boy, persistently trying to find out how the telegraph worked and why, the best explanation I ever got was from an old Scotch line repairer who said that if you had a dog like a dachshund long enough to reach from Edinburgh to London, if you pulled his tail in Edinburgh he would bark in London. I could understand that. But it was hard to get at what it was that went through the dog or over the wire.

WE SAY A MAN DIES. Perhaps, in a sense, the term is accurate when the aggregate which we have called a man ceases to function as an aggregate and therefore no longer can be called a man; but the expression is not at all accurate if by it we mean that the life which kept that man at work or at play ceases to exist. Life does not cease to exist.

The life-units which have formed that man do not die. They merely pass out of the unimportant mechanism which they have been inhabiting, which has been called a man, and select some other habitat or habitats. Perhaps they become the animating force of something else or of many other things.

The theory which generally maintains about the origin of life seems to me to be unreasonable. We can't get something out of nothing. Life can't make life. Life is. It is not made.

Another thing which continually puzzled me for a long time was that nature seemed to be so horribly cruel. I could not account for it. Finally, I have come to the conclusion that it is not true.

It is only apparent. Really those things which seem to be manifestations of nature's cruelty are merely episodes of competition between groups of little people which covet one another's machines, one feeling that the possession of another's might help it better to meet the problems of the environment with which it finds itself surrounded.

It is impossible to accept as fact all the apparent testimony of appearances. In geological ages, all of a certain type of crustacean creature suddenly disappeared, and quite a different type came into being. The swarms of entities that had built

the first had not been annihilated, but the environment had changed, and, in order to meet its new conditions, they built mechanisms of another pattern. One mechanism has been replaced by another of a different type many times in the world's history. Changed conditions not only require but force new forms.

For instance, the elephant used to be a woolly beast. He ceased to be. He didn't change himself. It is the group which changed him.

It is not impossible that, when we find the ultimate unit of life, we shall learn that the journey through far space never could harm it and that there is very little that could stop it. Remember that it is smaller, infinitely, than anything the microscope can see. I believe the ultimate life-particle could go through glass with the greatest ease, and that neither the highest nor the lowest temperature known to human science could harm it.

Such units of life could have come, and possibly still are coming, without injury through the cold of space. We know of microbes which will endure through four degrees above absolute zero, and some are so small that they can be forced through porcelain.

Now what I propose to do is to furnish psychic investigators with an apparatus which will give a scientific aspect to their work. My apparatus will magnify the slightest effort (signal?) which it intercepts many times, so as to give us whatever form of record we desire for the purpose of investigation. Beyond that I don't care to say anything further about its nature.

I am making no claims for the survival of personality; I am not promising communication with those who have passed out of this life. I merely state that I am giving the psychic investigators an apparatus which may help them in their work, just as optical experts have given the microscope to the medical world.

And if this apparatus fails to reveal anything of exceptional interest, I am afraid that I shall have lost all faith in the survival of personality as we know it in this existence.

I do hope that our personality survives. If it does, then my apparatus ought to be of some use. That is why I am now at work on the most sensitive apparatus I have ever undertaken to build, and I await the results with the keenest interest.

Thomas Alva Edison wrote his last words on this subject on March 21, 1925. He died in 1931 without ever having perfected the device he spoke of. What sort of apparatus was it? Edison's secret died with him, but evidently it was a kind of electronic apparatus. Perhaps if he had lived long enough to apply the modern concepts of electronics he would have succeeded in making contact with his "little people," and with the souls of the departed.

HAUNTED MUSIC

by Pauline Saltzman

Can it be sheer coincidence that in the playing of certain famous musical compositions, death or spectres are frequently in attendance?

WHEN "Dracula," the greatest horror film of all time, and the forerunner of a series of would-be shockers, was flashed on the screen some twenty years ago, the introductory musical theme, brooding and ominious, was by Tschaikowsky. Although the producer and musical director probably did not

Before the astonished eyes of the entire film company, it seemed that Pavlova, herself, pirouetted upon the stage!

realize it, Tschaikowsky in his lifetime created fabulously wonderful music—but music which is melancholy, haunting, and, if accounts are to be believed, *haunted*

Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky was a genius with a streak of abnormality that made him a life-long neurotic. As a young man, he fell desperately in love with Desirée Artôt, a French artiste. Their engagement was announced, but Desirée married someone else, and Tschaikowsky became a frustrated man. He was eccentric, and he was haunted by the sensation that his head was about to be detached from his shoulders. Because his abnormal sensitivity bordered on insanity, his music assumed a brooding, eerie

quality which somehow reflected the workings of his mind and heart. The "Dracula" theme consisted of an excerpt from the *Swan Lake* ballet, yet it was ominously haunting, and suggested a swan's death, rather than the light-hearted gaiety of a ballet.

Tschaikowsky's *Pathétique*, his sixth symphony, the work closest to his heart, played a macabre role in the career of Victor Kolar, who conducted the Detroit Symphony Orchestra a few years ago.

When Olga Fricker, Detroit ballerina, asked Mr. Kolar to conduct the *Pathétique*, for a local ballet performance, he refused.

"I have played that symphony fifteen times, and each time someone, usually a friend, died. Tschaikowsky himself died of cholera, right after he had conducted the first performance of his composition. Ossip Gabrilovitch (Kolar's predecessor), who was present at the *Pathétique's* premiere, died of the same ailment right after he conducted the *Sixth* in New York three years ago. Then, when I was directing the New York Symphony under Walter Damrosch, the first of my fifteen friends died. Now, nothing can influence me to play it."

Another ominous series of experiences coinciding with Tschaikowsky's music occurred in London. On Tuesday, December fourteenth, 1948, the Associated Press carried a story about the Australian pianist, Eileen Joyce, who now has every reason to be cautious when tackling the Russian master's *First Piano Concerto*.

Last August, she had just finished playing it in Royal Albert Hall, when she suddenly fainted on the stage. Now, she had hardly started the concerto again, and in the same auditorium, when a piano string broke and flew directly into the Philharmonic orchestra. It was later found among the 'cellos. The piano string, a bass F, which was seven feet long and one-quarter inch around, narrowly missed both Miss Joyce and the conductor, Rafael Kubelik.

In most encyclopedias of music, Jacques Halevy is listed as a French composer who was responsible for the great opera, *La Juive*. But hardly an encyclopedic work will include the listing of his opera, *Charles VI*. This opera was was banned from the operatic stage by Emperor Napoleon III, because it was "cursed."

Eugène Massol, the tenor who had also written the opera's libretto, played the leading role when it opened in Paris in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The first three nights while Massol sang the aria, *O God Kill Him*, some person in the theatre dropped dead. These three were a box-holder, a stage hand, and the conductor of the orchestra. Massol lost no time in discontinuing the performances. The Emperor, however, ordered the opera's revival nine years later, and commanded the tenor to resume his original role.

When it was time for the curtain to go up, the Imperial order arrived to cancel the performance. It was later disclosed that the Imperial coach had been attacked by an anarchist, and though Napoleon escaped, fifty-six people had been killed.

Anna Pavlova's dancing more than bordered on the mystical, and her life was unquestionably bound up with Saint-Saëns' composition, *The Swan*. When Mme. Pavlova heard the number for the first time, she instantly sensed its symbolism —and that her interpretation of *The Dying Swan* to Saint-Saëns' music would become her *piece de resistance*.

Shortly after her untimely death in 1931, a concert was given in honor of her memory. When the 'cello solo of *The Swan* was played, with the audience respectfully and tearfully standing, many people believed they saw Pavlova's pale, graceful ghost flitting across the stage, *sur les pointes*.

Much more recent is the uncanny experience which also occurred in England while *Ballerina*, the motion-picture version of Anna Pavlova's life, was being filmed. Those present included the late Lady Eleanor Smith, author of *Ballerina*, and she later presented this incident in her own autobiography, *Life's a Circus*.

The company had arrived just at the point in the filming where Pavlova was to make her debut. According to the six responsible persons present, *the specter of Pavlova herself suddenly danced lightly across the stage, on her toes.*

It was just after the death of Antonin Dvorak, the great Bohemian composer, that Mrs. G. Kelly, a resident of Ireland, related the story about a musical friend from London who was visting her and her husband. He and Mr. Kelly were playing and singing excerpts from Dvorak's *The Specter's Bride*, a work which the friend had studied with the composer. Both men were excited and enthusiastic over the unusual music, and the pleasure was enhanced when the London friend related many of his personal reminiscences of Dvorak. He proceeded to explain the way the composer had always wanted his music interpreted.

An interested listener, Mrs. Kelly sat near them. Finally she arose and went into the drawing room. For a moment she was both startled and frightened to see a man standing in the shadows. She saw him distinctly, for she later described him with great accuracy. She called out, and Mr. Kelly and the friend ran in, but the strange man had disappeared into the shadows.

Mrs. Kelly described the man she had seen, whereupon the friend from London exclaimed, "Why, that might almost describe Dvorak himself!"

Mrs. Kelly had never seen a picture of the Bohemian composer, but when the friend returned to

London, he sent her one. She instantly recognized it as the undisputable likeness of the strange man she had seen in the Kelly drawing room.

If any music has the right to be called "haunted", it is that of Nicolo Paganini, whom many critics consider the greatest violinist of all time. His technique was so marvelous, he was believed to be in league with Satan. Paganini died in 1840.

In June, 1947, a motion picture of his life was being filmed in the Ducal Hall of Genoa, Italy, where he had played more than a hundred years ago.

Renato de Barbieri, one of Italy's foremost violinists, was using Paganini's own Guarnieri violin for the sound track which was being recorded.

As Signor de Barbieri played the opening notes of Paganini's composition, *Le Streghe* (The Witches), an eerie voice suddenly echoed throughout the hall. *"Sono Paganini! Sono Paganini!"* ("I am Paganini! I am Paganini!")

De Barbieri and the sound crew stopped in frightened confusion. When the violinist regained his composure, he started all over. He played the sonata through to the end, but as the last note died away, the ghostly voice was heard once more.

"Bravo! Bravo! Ah, le mie streghe, le mie streghe!" ("Bravo! Bravo! Ah, my witches, my witches!")

All persons connected with the making of the motion picture, and the guests who happened to be on the set, were thoroughly investigated by the Genoese authorities, and all were absolved of suspicion of creating a hoax. A search of the Ducal Hall failed to reveal anyone who might have been responsible. This story was carried by newspapers in the summer of 1947 by the Associated Press.

Music can be "haunting" in more ways than one.

Sources:

The American Weekly—August 3, 1947.
The Grand Rapids Press—December 14, 1948.
Book of the Month Club News—January 1947.
True Irish Ghost Stories—compiled by St. John D. Seymour and Harry L. Neligan, published by Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin, and Humphrey Milford, London, 1926.
The Grand Rapids Herald—Tuesday, June 17, 1947.

JUST A LITTLE TOO HIGH TIDE!

Redondo Beach, California, was treated to an unusually high tide on February 24, 1949. The phenomenon began with the usual tidal swells, marching in toward the beach. However, they kept on coming with increasing force until huge waves battered houses with such force that 50-pound boulders were thrown through home walls. The event received little or no mention in the press.

TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

Have you experienced something strange and unusual that you wish to relate? This department is devoted to your own experience.

It was the night of August 22, 1924, and the stars twinkled down clear and cold out of a cloudless sky. I remember that I had wanted to spend the evening at a movie, but my brother had other plans. He had a friend named "Jerry" with an unpronounceable last name to whose home we must go first to pick up something important which he had left. We went, and got no further for the rest of the night.

"Jerry" proved to be a tall slender blond lad with a genius for radio construction. If an automobile accident had not soon afterward snuffed out his life, the world would have heard from him today. What I saw in his house that night knocked all further thoughts of other entertainment from my mind, for he had constructed a monster radio set, covering the whole side of one wall.

"It's magnificent, but why so large and powerful?" I asked in mystification.

"I have been building it for years, and tonight I am giving its great ear the opportunity of a lifetime."

"You talk in riddles. You mean that you are trying for distance tonight?"

"Oh I have gotten earthly distance—Berlin, Rome, France and even the Orient. It brings them in easily. But tonight I am trying for something greater than that. I am going to try for real distance."

"What do you call real distance?"

"Mars."

"Mars? Do you mean our neighbor planet, the one you were quizzing me about the last time I was over here—about six months ago?"

"Yes, and in a way this is happening because of that night. You were telling us all about the astronomer Percival Lowell of Lowell Observatory, Arizona, and his belief that the 'canals' were the work of superior engineering intelligence on that planet. That is why I asked Fred to bring you, but tell you nothing. I wanted this to be a surprise."

"But I confess I am still in the dark. Why are you so dramatically picking tonight for this attempt to contact Mars?"

"You have gotten out of touch with that planet lately. Don't you know what tonight is?"

I shook my head in mystification.

"Well, this is the night that Mars is the closest to earth . . ."

Suddenly the light dawned and I was half-way across the room toward him, the movie and my half-concealed annoyance with Fred for bringing me here completely swept away.

"Of course! How dense of me! And Mars will not come again this close during the rest of the Twentieth Century, which takes care of all of our lives, even though we are still all in our twenties."

"Now you're talking."

"But what makes you think that you will hear anything?"

"Of course, I don't know."

"Do you think that they would send us something on the same frequencies used by earthly stations? Perhaps it will come in much higher or lower . . ."

"I have thought of that too. I have been doing some experimenting. Come here and I will show you."

He began to turn the great dials, with long, probing, sensitive fingers.

"This is above most of our stations. There are some fellows here in Australia I talked to on my other set last night. I find more curious noises in the high frequencies, so I've built this set just for the high . . ."

A spatter of static and code-like disturbances came through the speaker. I interrupted him:

"Has it occurred to you, Jerry, that we wouldn't know Mars if we heard them? We couldn't possibly expect them to speak English in Morse code, and it is certain that Martian in their code would only be static to us."

"I know. It is almost hopeless, isn't it? But last night just before dawn, I heard something strange —let's see if I can find it again. I won't tell you what it was. I will just let you hear for yourself."

"Did you stay up all night last night?" Fred asked curiously.

"No, just set the old alarm clock. But tonight, I will spend the night here." Then suddenly, he held up his hand for silence. We almost quit breathing. "There it is!" he laughed exultantly. "Listen!"

"I don't hear a thing." Fred growled. He had expressed my sentiments too.

"Perhaps I can bring it in more plainly."

Again the long sensitive fingers probed at the dials.

He stopped and held up one finger. Then I heard it too. It was a sort of code I suppose. One long stroke. Then a pause. Then two strokes and a pause and again two strokes. Now followed a long pause that was ended by three strokes. This was repeated three times. Then came four repeated four times. A silence followed. Jerry did not touch the dials.

"So some fellow is playing with numbers. What of it?" Fred snorted.

"Is that what you think too?" Jerry asked looking at me.

"I don't know." I murmured as if groping for words. "Of course, numbers are an international or interplanetary language. Three would still be three to an ant or a dog or a Martian as well as to man."

"Wait! Here it comes again."

Again we listened to one once, two twice, three struck three times and four repeated four times. Then as I started to speak, three was followed by four and this was repeated four times.

Suddenly I believe we all got the same thought at the same moment.

"Four is calling! Four is calling to Three!"

"Mars is the fourth planet!"

"And we are the third!"

"Jerry, send back four followed by three for three times! *Answer them!*"

"But I can't!" he fairly wailed. "I never thought to build it for sending! I only built it to listen!"

So it was that we sat for hours, listening to the same signals repeated again and again at regular intervals, while Jerry cursed his stupidity softly under his breath, and we sat helplessly. Suddenly Fred said:

"How long till this night comes again?"

"Over three-quarters of a century."

"One of us might live that long," Jerry murmured.

"The odds are against it." I corrected.

"But the odds are not so long that one of us may have some kid before that time who can carry on . . ." Jerry suggested.

Fred nodded.

"Fair enough. Let us take an oath that somehow we will consider it a sacred duty to pass on this information of what happened tonight to our kids or some neighbor kid, to someone who can build a set to receive and send in the very high frequencies," Jerry urged

"Very well, I promise, children or grandchildren, or neighbor's grandchildren during the fifties or sixties or seventies." Fred grinned, and I agreed half-jokingly at the absurd picture it suggested, but stopped quickly, the smile fading as the signals began again.

So with the signals still coming in, we promised each other, a strange promise made against Time itself.

Since that night, almost a quarter of a century ago, death has claimed both of the other men who took the oath with me. So, in a way, this article for FATE Magazine is the fulfillment of that oath, and I charge everyone who reads these words and expects to be alive in a half century, or who has children who show radio talent and who expect to be alive, or anyone who belongs to a club of men who are interested in radio and the possibility of intelligence on our neighboring planet, to *spread this information!* Do not ask me the exact spot on the dials where the signals

were heard. I had rather pleasantly believed that I could always get that information from Jerry. After his death, Fred and I compared notes on this point and to our consternation discovered a mutual ignorance. We only knew that he had said it was above the regular frequencies, and had the impression it was a long way above.

Therefore if you do not expect to be alive in a half century, or even if, like Jerry, you think that you might, look around you for some amateur (known to each other as Hams), and tell him this story. Please do your bit to see that in the year 2000, on that night when Mars again swings close, there will be someone sitting beside a giant radio set who can not only listen but ANSWER! Then when the mathematical code of Three being called by Four comes four times, answer by the reverse: Four—Three three times! You may be the one who is the first human being, or the inspiration to the first human being on earth actually to communicate with Mars!

My name is L. Taylor Hansen. I can be reached at P. O. Box 5277, Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles 55, California.

MY NAME is M. E. Hulet. I live at 2212 Barth St., Flint 4, Mich. An experience so strange and so unbelievable happened to a friend of mine several years ago, that I am almost afraid to put it in print without his permission. I will tell it as he told it to me.

* * *

I came home from work this particular evening, feeling very tired and worn from a long, hard day at the machine shop. After bathing and changing from my greasy work clothes to clean and more comfortable ones, I sat down in my favorite chair in the well furnished living room of our home. I heard my wife say: "You won't have time for even a cat nap, Joe, supper is nearly ready."

I picked up the evening paper and started to read when I began to feel rather drowsy. I closed my eyes.

Soon I was drifting through space and suddenly found myself at the door of my old home, a hundred or more miles from Belmont, where I lived.

I saw my father coming from the barn with a pail of milk in either hand. His head was bent forward. I spoke to him.

"Hello, Dad, how are you?" He raised his head and looked at me as though he were seeing a ghost.

"Why, it's you, Joe! When did you arrive?"

"Just a few moments ago," I replied. "How's Mother?"

"Go right in, Son, you'll probably find her in the kitchen."

We went through the door into a spotless kitchen, where a fire was burning in a big old-fashioned cookstove and the teakettle was whistling a merry song.

"Lettie, where are you?" Dad called out.

"Here as usual," said Mother, coming out of the pantry with a skimmer in her hand. "Well, bless my soul! It's Joe!" She smacked me with good-natured tenderness on my cheek.

"You're just in time for supper. Where's Kathy?" Kathy was my wife. "Didn't she come with you?" She put on an extra plate and silverware at the table.

"No, Mother, she isn't with me." I fumbled for words. "I don't think I'll have time for supper . . ."

"It's been almost six months since you and Kathy have been to see us, and we do get lonesome for you, Son."

"Might as well," I thought. I sat down with them at the table and we finished off a goodly portion of baked ham and sweet potatoes with banana cream pie for dessert.

I was feeling on top of the world, but somehow my inner thought was to get back to Kathy and my home without seeming to rush away from my parents.

"I must be getting along. Kathy will be worried," I told them.

"Take a look at the new chicken house. We just finished it last week." Father rose from his chair and went out into the hall to get his hat.

My head felt light and sort of dizzy as I opened the door.

"I'll go out and look at it right away."

I went out and down the lane. As I turned the corner of the new chicken house, a cloud of mist enveloped me and suddenly I was drifting again. I was going so fast that I could hardly get my breath.

I was back in my comfortable old chair when I opened my eyes.

"He's coming out of it." I heard a voice say.

"Thank God!" I recognized Kathy as she was standing beside me, with my hand in hers, and tears streaming down her cheeks. Then I saw our family doctor bending over me with a stethoscope pressed against my heart.

"I was certain there were no heart beats but now—" he looked quite puzzled as he shook his head.

Kathy held my hand tightly.

"Oh, Joe dear, I am so thankful that you are all right."

"What happened?" I finally managed to ask.

"I couldn't wake you. I got frightened and sent for Dr. Briggs." Kathy explained. "You've been like this for nearly two hours." She knelt beside my chair. "We thought you were—oh Joe dear."

The really strange part of this story is the letter we received a few days later from Dad and Mother. It read in part—

"And when you didn't return from the chicken house, went to look for you but you were gone, simply disappeared. Where on earth did you park your car, we didn't see any wheel tracks—"

I can't explain this; it seemed like a dream and yet it wasn't . . . As I

said, I can't explain because I don't know. M. E. Hulet, Flint, Mich.

Since July 9th, 1938, I have been able during periods of perfect relaxation to pierce the veil of what I call the fourth dimension.

On June 14th, 1944, between 2 and 4 p.m., I had what I would call the most unusual experience of all. The fourth dimension is a very substantial place and state of existence. It is that place—and it is a place—where everyone goes immediately following death. It differs from the mundane existence in the rate of vibration of universal substance or matter. Let us take for example the most dense of universal substance, the most solid of our solids and graduate into lighter solids, then liquids, then gases. Here we have the three dimensions, *solids, liquids* and *gases*. At the point beyond gases, we enter into the fourth dimension, vibration of matter. Because the visible part of the body ceases to express life at this point, many people are of the opinion that life also ceases. My unusual experiences have taught me that life continues indefinitely and that in the fourth dimension we have a much more realistic counterpart of our beings, than in the third dimension. The very essence of life, that which is invisible to us in the third dimension becomes very tangible and real in the fourth dimension.

Since July 9th, 1938, I have had over a hundred of these wonderful experiences. In analyzing the cause for this ability to make a temporary transition and return, usually from ten minutes to two and one-half hours earth time, I have found that through relaxation, an expansion of the third dimension atoms of my being causes such tremendous energy that a connection with the other dimension is not only possible but perfectly natural. June 14th, 1944, with perfect consciousness and a clarity of mind which words cannot describe, I entered the fourth dimension at a point or place best described as a counterpart of Western Europe.

The fourth dimension being the dimension of space with an absence of time, it never takes time to get into any space you desire to be. Being a veteran of World War I and having two sons in World War II, I naturally desired to get information about the service men in particular. If you can visualize an inquiring reporter in any large city, knowing his time was limited, stopping people, asking them all manner of questions, or better still imagine someone from another dimension appearing in our midst, with a burning desire for information, you would perhaps be very eager to give him whatever information you were capable of giving. There would be a group form about me each time I stopped to ask a question, and everyone who had been there any great time, that is earth time, knew the answers to my questions. I will give the answers I received to most important questions any thinking person might ask about Life hereafter, a life where there is no show or pretense, a life where everybody is and looks what they really are.

Yes, we have all the five senses and two additional ones, the sixth one some more developed souls use in the third dimension, the seventh beyond mundane description.

We have educational institutions that are attended only by those having sincere desire for advancement in the great school of life. We have hospitals for those who have mind illness, there is no other disease. Yes, we have special advisers and guides to help those newly arrived to become used to their new environment. Yes, everyone coming to this dimension is assigned to the phase best suited to their development. This is the dimension where absolute justice is accorded everyone alike.

There was John Laskow I had known before in this present life. Also Mary Bastron, who had waited fifty years earth time to greet me again.

Yes, we can grow food in plants and trees, but when you have learned how, it is much easier to create it immediately. Building a chair is easy for a cabinet maker, but might be tedious for a cook. Even when you have only to visualize something into being, you must have a good image to insure a good finished product. You can do anything you wish to do here, but you cannot bring happiness or sorrow but to yourself alone. Your being assigned to a phase of the dimension according to your development insures every good or bad thing you have sincerely desired.

I noticed two women from Chicago hanging out a washing on a clothes line in a yard adjacent to a cottage; as I approached they became fearful and ran into the house, peeking out the door. They were two who were burned to death in a similar house and would not believe they were dead. Their cottage was a few doors from the mind hospital; they were being treated there. I finally persuaded them to talk. They listened to me and were convinced of the reality of their change and I left them in smiles.

At last I reached the soldiers quarters; they were German soldiers. Many of them still ready to fight and when they found out I was an American they would have captured me if I had not been able to escape at once. I kept going, cantonment, after cantonment, Greeks, Russians, Italians, Australians, Chinese, British and finally American soldiers. Here I was right at home. Many of all the soldiers, sailors and marines and auxiliary groups of all nationalities were aware of the change. Perhaps forty percent were still confused as to just what had happened.

One American soldier, who seemed to be especially keen about the entire proceedings as far as I was concerned, edged close to me

while I was talking to a group of American soldiers. I was telling the boys about the experience I was having at the time, and that I was from Chicago, that I was one person from earth who was very happy to be with them at that moment. I also told them that if it was not for a particular work I must finish in the old dimension, I would stay with them permanently.

As I made this statement, the soldier who had been edging closer was at my side.

"Did you say you were from Chicago?"

"Yes, I am from Chicago."

"What part?"

"5201 Kenmore Avenue. My name is William Feruguson."

"I am from Melrose Park," he said. "My name is Roy——."

I know that my experience was a reality, because I checked his claim, met his parents, and all the facts I learned from his own lips in the fourth dimension were true.

As I WALKED the street of the town, I was aware that I had been there before. I didn't know where I was, but I was hungry. I looked for a restaurant.

I walked down a cobblestoned hill street. Trolley tracks were visible among the stones. A sign loomed before my eyes: FITZGERALD'S—FINE STEAKS AND SEAFOODS. I stopped in front of a store window that had a large white curtain covering the glass. I opened the door and entered the restaurant. There was a heavy odor of cigar smoke; the smell of beer. A long brown bar with a brass rail extended from the door to the end of the room. Men in cover-alls were lined against the stained wood eating beef sandwiches, pickles and drinking beer. An old-fashioned chandelier hung from the ceiling. I walked to a white-topped table and presently a waitress came through the rear swinging doors to take my order.

As I sat waiting for the food I noticed a stairway inside a nook in the wall. Later, I asked the waitress about the stairway and she said there was a room upstairs for parties.

I left the restaurant and the dream ended.

Another night I again walked the town, down a hill and into the restaurant. I ordered my oyster soup, and then while waiting for the food I ventured up the rickety stairs to the second floor.

The room was large. A bandstand was at one end and long windows that seemed to rise out of the floor were at the front of the building. Across the street was a gray structure. Below, a trolley climbed the hill with a roar.

Some time later I dreamed again. This time while I was eating my oyster soup someone shouted: "Fire."

There was a pounding as people dressed in white and black hurtled past me. They came from the room upstairs, down the side stairway and they swarmed into the street.

In the Summer of 1945 I was a counselor at a co-ed camp not far from Lake George. On my day off I visited the nearby town of Glens Falls. I have never been to that city before and at noon time I sought out a restaurant. A policeman told me to proceed down Glen Street to FITZGERALD'S.

As I approached a hill, my knees felt weak; my head felt as though it was encased in cotton. The feeling persisted, and, when the sign came into view, FITZGERALD'S —FINE STEAKS AND SEAFOODS and the white curtained window appeared, I felt dizzy.

I walked through the door as "in a dream". A long bar extended through half of the establishment. Men in greasy pants and carrying dinner pails, leaned against the brown stained bar. An old, dusty chandelier hung from the ceiling.

I sat down at a white-topped table and watched the waitress come from the swinging doors in the rear. I ordered oyster soup. Then I saw the stairway in the wall, the gray building across the street.

Pressing my luck I asked the waitress about the upstairs and she said that receptions and dinner parties were held there.

I went upstairs. There was the bandstand at the far end of the empty room. The long windows were in front.

Each day off I came into Glens Falls and ate at FITZGERALD'S. I told my friends about the dream and later many accompanied me to the eatery.

In the summer of 1946 I got a job on a farm in Smith Basin, New York. The farmer who hired me was Larry Jenks. He, his wife and brother Will ran the 350 acre place, 14 miles from Glen Falls.

I told Larry about my experiences there and about my dreams. It was a good topic for conversation. Larry put his fork down and said: "You sit there Ken." He went upstairs.

He came down carrying a newspaper. Farmers usually save old papers and magazines. He spread the front page before me. The date was July 4, 1946.

I caught a glimpse of the picture showing firemen holding a ladder against a smoky structure. It said briefly, that a fire had struck FITZGERALD'S restaurant while a wedding reception was in progress. The guests had escaped injury by using a staircase within the building. The men were dressed in tails and the women in white gowns.

Larry was amazed. I was numbed. Larry asked me for the whole story. I told about the hill, the windows and the trolley tracks.

"There were trolley tracks Ken," Larry said gasping, "We tore them up for war scrap."

My name is Ken R. Schultz. I live at 121 Tate Street, Greensboro, North Carolina.

ANCIENT RELIGIONS . . . No. 3

THE SACRED SOCIETY of the AREOI

by Robert Schick

Wouldn't it be nice if we didn't have to work, but found it possible to devote our entire lives to pleasure without limit? An impossible way of life, you say? A degrading way? Then what about the Areoi, of Tahiti?

IN ALL the history of the world has there ever been a successful attempt by men and women to live a life of absolute pleasure?

From the make-up of human psychology and the truths of the great religions and philosophical systems, it seems evident that any efforts toward unadulterated enjoyment, without corresponding moral obligation, would end in failure. The history of such cults as classic hedonism as well as the experiences of countless individuals who tried complete self-indulgence, strongly bears this out. Certainly the structure of civilized man's mind and environment makes it impossible.

But there once was a very large group of people who did seem to overcome this apparently inviolable law. Whether or not this group sprang from what we call "civilization" is an open question, but it was a product of a culture which balanced barbaric practices with many accomplishments which have drawn high praises from anthropologists.

In ancient Tahiti, the Sacred Society of the Areoi, one of the most remarkable organizations of all time, was composed of men and women who literally lived for pleasure and the arts and who could be expelled on the slightest suspicion that they harbored thoughts of duty toward family, nation or God. All sacrifice and discipline was abhorrent except those necessary for membership attainment in the society itself.

The Areoi succeeded where other attempts failed because it was unopposed spiritually or temporarily by any force in its environment. Its power was supreme because almost all of the great nobles of Tahiti were on its roster. These nobles on entering the society lost rank and had to win position by merit, but their names were still potent with authority to the masses. The immunities and privileges of the society became so all-pervading that the members were considered allies of the gods, especially favored by Tangoroa—the world soul—creator of the universe.

When an Areoi died he passed on to a special heaven on the sacred island of Raiatea, where he continued his life of joy and revelry. It was fitting that these men and women who lived for the sensual excitements of this life should not have to forsake the earth even in

death. The heaven, of course, was invisible to ordinary mortals.

Despite the society's high position, it took no part in the governing of the islands. No practical interest was allowed to interfere with the supreme purpose—the receiving and giving of pleasure. Members were not allowed to do any kind of work, were exempt from warfare, and from the responsibilities of domestic life. Married couples could join the Areoi, but only if they were childless, while any offspring born to a woman after her initiation had to be killed immediately for the time required to raise a family was just so much time stolen from the divine "duties" of a life of merriment.

Only the most perfect physically and mentally alert persons were accepted. The women had to be both young and beautiful of face and figure, according to Tahitian standards, which were surprisingly high, for the Polynesians valued human beauty more than any other barbaric race. The men were required to be strong, symmetrical and virile.

Applicants faced a rigorous audition to prove their talents as entertainers—dancers, singers, musicians and athletes. In place of the performing skills one could join the Areoi if he were a skillful artist or costume designer. This was an aristocracy of sheer talent and the fact that fully ten percent of the population of Tahiti belonged to the society is proof of the great artistic gift of this people. At no other time or place in recorded history was such a large proportion of a nation's citizenry devoted exclusively to the arts.

After all ties to their past lives had been cut, the votaries spent the rest of their days seeking sensual gratification, filling their existence with music and dance, exciting sport, feasting and love-making. The Areoi were gypsy minstrels, always on the move from village to village, and always joyous and carefree. Almost every night in the year they danced and performed somewhere and even journeyed to outlying islands.

On these watery expeditions, they traveled in fleets of great, flower-draped canoes. While their oarsmen stroked in quiet unison, these minstrels—the elect of the gods—must have merged their haunting chants with the pulsating rhythm of the tides as they sang of the faithful arrival of the trade winds and the glory of the sun's bright, hot disk above them.

Everything the Areoi did was sanctified by their gods, but they apparently had no moral obligations to the deities. Their acts had definite religious significance, however, in that they represented the pleasure privileges of the gods themselves. Tahitian mythology, like the Greek, created gods in man's mold and gave them all of a man's appetite and passions, strengths and weaknesses. It was only natural that, as companions

of the gods, the Areoi looked upon their ecstatic pleasures as ordained from above, as an overflowing of the very passion and joy of the unseen powers, meant to teach the masses of lower men that life was sweet and ever pregnant with blessedness.

The oral literature of the society's dramas, songs and recitations was exceedingly rich and varied and the regular repertoire of the minstrels was extensive. There was no written Tahitian language, so hundreds of plays had to be memorized.

In addition to skill in these traditional dramas, the Areoi had unusual ability in improvising. At every feast and holy day and during the visit of an important personage, the actors invented stimulating dramatic dialogue to fit the occasion. Tahiti had drama in the modern—and Greek—sense, for each district had its playhouse, almost every noble his private theatre. These theatres consisted of a unit of two separate buildings; the larger one housed the audience and was often commodious enough to seat the people of an entire village, while the smaller contained the stage and "tiring room" from which the players made their entrances. Both structures were open at the ends, facing each other.

The costumes worn by the Areoi, especially by the women, were probably the most elaborate ever created by a primitive people. The women wore a loose vest of spotted cloth covering the lower part of the bosom, a large frill passed under the arms and reached below the waist and a wide decorated skirt extended to the ankles.

Around the breasts were hung multi-colored mother-of-pearl ornaments or a finely wrought network of gaily-colored feathers of tropical birds. Other ornaments such as feathery pom-poms and tassels of plumes swung from the waist and earrings of gorgeous pearls were worn. Around their lush black hair, the women wound braids of human hair in the form of a turban. This artificial headdress might be 100 feet in length. Flowers were tucked between the tightly wound braids. In the words of Captain James Cook, who saw the Areoi dance, these flowers resembled "tiny stars which produced on the black sheen of hair an effect similar to the lustre of pearls."

Cosmetics and dyes were used by both sexes and the comedians blackened themselves and painted their bodies with fantastic designs.

When the Areoi prepared for its annual tour, designers had to create an entirely new, immensely expensive wardrobe, for it was a tradition of the society to burn all costumes used during the previous season.

While the Areoi performed an endless succession of quasi-religious, dramatic and athletic exhibitions and were the professional entertainers at all Tahitian festivals, their chief duty was the celebration

of the voluptuous fertility rite. In this rite, which honored the generative forces of nature that caused the seed to bring forth in the soil, the animals and wild fowl to multiply, the fish to spawn in the sea and man to reproduce his kind, the Areoi appeared again, not to be propitiating the gods, but sharing the divine lust and miracle of the unseen, unknowable powers.

Abstract worship was something foreign to the Polynesian mind. The event has been called obscene and lascivious. From the Christian viewpoint the charges are true, but the Tahitians, like the ancient Greeks in regard to their temple orgies, considered generative excitement an integral part of worship, a moment when man best experiences rapport with the divinity.

The rite was held under the intense radiance of South Pacific starlight, within sight and sound of the wild, swelling turbulence of the surf, breaking on the clean, white beach. Torchlight illuminated the dancing area around which throngs of islanders gathered in a great circle to await the coming of the sacred performers. While they waited they must have taken draughts of the sacred beverage, kava, which was drunk on all ceremonial occasions. At such times the kava, which brought a mild intoxication, was handed by the master-of-ceremonies to the highest ranking individual present and then passed down the line to others in order of their importance, while the name and title of each drinker was called out loudly.

The deep, booming sound of huge shark-skin drums, hung from the limbs of trees, signaled the arrival of the Areoi. Then while the singers began a slow chant praising the fecundity and wonder of nature's renewal, while flute players started their weird harmonies, the dancers began their first gentle, sinuous movements.

As the night wore on, the freshening sea breeze caused the torchlight to waver and flicker, the thudding of the drums increased the tempo to a frenzied pitch and the chanters and dancers responded more feverishly.

The whole atmosphere was now charged with throbbing passion. While the drummers kept up their savage pounding, the rite was consummated in an uncontrollable outburst of sexual abandonent. When the hard, bright stars faded and saner daylight returned, the Areoi probably had moved on to another village where they continued their routine activities as diverters of the people and harmless eaters of the lotus.

* * *

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning, March 5, 1797, the good ship *Duff* lay off the district of Atahoora, Tahiti. Gathering at the ship's rail at this pleasant, breeze-caressed hour was a group of very serious men and women whose eyes didn't reflect the golden light lancing between the high Tahitian peaks, but were glowing from the brightness of an inner purpose. The lagoon waters were tinted, the curving beach lay smooth and inviting and, just beyond, the palms rustled softly. But the ship's company wasn't here to enjoy the scenery—it was here to save souls! For the *Duff* had arrived with the first Christian missionaries to visit the heathen isle of the Areoi. The vessel's cargo included Bibles and "decent" English clothing meant to cover the pagan nudity of the islanders.

While the churchmen stood there, they saw that their arrival was creating quite a stir of activity in the village back of the beach. Several canoes put off from shore and paddled toward the *Duff* at great speed. Soon dozens more were in the water. Within a few moments at least seventy canoes, each carrying twenty persons, were sweeping forward toward the English ship as fast as the muscular arms of the rowers could move.

When the canoes had made a ring around the *Duff*, the unarmed natives started to climb the sides of the ship while the Limey crews tried to shove them away, but many got aboard. Laughing, squealing, tossing flowers into the air and looping garlands of them around the necks of sailors and missionaries alike, they kept repeating the word "tayo"—friend. Lithe, supple men and boys climbed the riggings and dived gracefully into the water and, giggling and chattering, climbed back aboard to repeat the performance again and again.

Carefree girls, their copious hair streaming wildly in the wind, their deep, dark eyes flashing with challenge, danced the dance of the Areoi before the shocked eyes of the pious. When they thought the bachanalia had gone far enough, the missionaries ordered some of the big guns of the ship brought out of the hold and the innocent islanders helped place them on the carriages.

Finally overawed, all but forty left the ship and the stragglers were brought to order on the quarterdeck and made to kneel in prayer. Then out over the shining lagoon, still echoing to gay laughter, drifted the strong voices of the missionaries as they sang "O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness", "Blow Ye Trumpet Blow" and "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

Those stirring, serious hymns took hold of the kneeling Polynesians. They were soon heard in the village streets, in the canoes of the fishermen and on the mountain paths. The Areoi had received a fatal blow! The barbaric allure, flamboyant and amoral activities, the ambrosial existence, the godlike privileges and the savage code of infanticide of this sacred society marked it for the destroying wrath of the missionaries.

But there was no need for force. The new religion of Christ was accepted so readily that even the Europeans were amazed. How strange

it was to see men and women who lived only for sensuous delight and play, for love-making and for feast, surrender their sanctified rights without resistance!

But the Areoi did surrender to the Cross. Today in Tahiti, a model Christian province if there is one anywhere, only those who have read of the sacred minstrels in the pages of the white man's books even know they existed. When the gods of a people die, they are very dead, indeed.

THE TOMB THAT WEEPS

by Edmond P. Gibson

Even scientists have been unable to define the scientific law which operates to produce the weird "tears" that come from the tomb of saints Abdon and Sennen.

IN THE foothills of the Pyrenees Mountains in Southern France are caves that contain the last remnants of Cro-Magnon and Stone Age man. Nearby is the famous cave of Aurignac, where a veritable art gallery of prehistoric cavern art exists. In the same general area are some of the most famous healing shrines of France: the Shrine at Salette, the Shrine at Béthara, the Shrine of the Virgin of Garaison at Mauléon, and the world-famous waters of Lourdes. All of these shrines are associated with springs or fountains and their healing waters.

To the east in the deep mountain-enclosed valley of the Tech River lies the town of Arles-sur-Tech. Six or seven miles to the south on the mountain crest lies the Spanish frontier. Arles-sur-Tech was built around the focus of an

ancient Benedictine monastery or Abbey, founded in the ninth century. The ancient Roman church still standing was built soon after. In front of the church inside a porch stands an old marble sarcophagus, dating from the fourth century, probably salvaged from the ruins that antedated the abbey and which occupied a nearby site at the time of its founding.

The sarcophagus is made from a single block of marble hollowed out inside. At the top it measures 6 feet, 3⅝ inches in length. Its bottom is six feet long. It is approximately 19¾ inches in width and its thickness is 2 feet, 1⅝ inches. It is isolated from the ground and supported by two small stone piers about eight inches in height. It is capped by a single slab of marble almost 16 inches in thickness, which covers the entire top of the sarcophagus and is sealed to it with iron bands. A tiny crack separates the base of the sarcophagus and the top slab, and at one place in the joint there is a tiny hole, large enough to admit the suction end of a tiny pump or "pipette."

The sarcophagus is framed by a casing or molding of later date, bearing the monogram of Christ. It is said to contain some remnants of the bones of two early Christian saints, Abdon and Sennen, who were killed by gladiators at the Coliseum in Rome in the year 250, during the reign of Decius. These relics were brought to Arles from Rome by one Armulfe, an abbot who visited the Pope in or around the year 970. On his return from Rome, a portion of the bones were placed in the sarcophagus and a larger portion in a reliquary within the church. What has concerned the faithful in the area for many centuries is that the sarcophagus continually produces a supply of water, noted, like Lourdes, for its healing properties, and having the curious property of resisting evaporation.

The average amount of water extracted from the tomb for the use of the faithful is about a liter a day. During some periods the amount has doubled and trebled over periods of a year. During certain periods, the flow has been very great and the tomb has been known to furnish more than its cubic contents in water in a single day. Its capacity is said to be somewhat in excess of two hundred liters. Inside the sarcophagus, when last opened, was a coating of slime, made up of algae, but the water which emerges from the crack or is drawn from the pipette is clear and not disagreeable to the taste. When the cover slab has been removed in the past, the water has been seen to form upon the inner surface of the marble block in the form of sweating, whence it runs to form a pool in the interior.

Various investigators during the past nine centuries have examined the phenomenon, more or less critically. They have arrived at no normal explanation for the formation of the water or its peculiar

qualities. The water has been preserved in open flagons for years. No change has been noticed in its character and there is no appreciable loss. One prelate of the church stated that he had placed a flagon of the water on his hot mantlepiece during two successive winters, and that there was no appreciable loss by evaporation.

The water level of the sarcophagus varies from time to time. It is sometimes very low during rainy weather, and at times of drought it has been observed running steadily from the crack beneath the lid, flowing away in a tiny stream. On a few occasions in the past nine hundred years, the supply has vanished, only to reappear after a period of prayer by the inhabitants of Arles and the clergy.

Regarding the fragments of the saints' bones in the church reliquary, there is no phenomenon of water occurring at any time. However when the supply of water in the sarcophagus runs low over long periods, the flow has been increased by charging the tomb with small fragments of bones from those remaining in the church. This course has only been adopted after long intervals of time, when the supply has run short of demands. The theory regarding the bones would appear to be inconsistent in some respects, if the bones are a true causative factor, in that they exhibit no water phenomena except when encased in the marble crypt.

Some testimony about the shrine appears to be well-authenticated. In 1529, a group of Spanish officers endeavored to drain the tomb dry and carry off the water. They left with a large supply, but the water continued to form within. In 1587 the sarcophagus was lifted to assure the skeptical that no secret pipe was feeding it. In 1752, the experiment was repeated for the benefit of the skeptical who lacked faith in miracles. In 1848 the tomb was lifted from its supports and suspended so that the unbelievers could be satisfied once again that no normal means were employed to furnish the continuous supply of water.

During the French Revolution in 1794, the tomb was desecrated, the sarcophagus was overturned, and the church was plundered. The crypt itself was filled with rubbish. In 1795, the sarcophagus was carefully cleaned and replaced and the recovered relics placed therein. Moisture began to form on its interior before the cleaning was completed, according to the accounts of that period.

Rene Johannet, a psychical researcher who has made a study of the Arles phenomenon, and who reported on his observations in 1940, made the following statement:

"The water does not come from the ground. It does not run. It oozes gently and in an appreciable quantity from the inside walls of a dry block of stone, isolated from its surroundings. Whatever the origin, history, or faith, the liquid is an actual fact."

The history of the relics of the Saints Abdon and Sennen is psychologically interesting, for it likewise deals in water phenomena prior to the arrival of the bones at Arles. The Saints' remains were first placed in the house of an assistant deacon in Rome, named Quirinus. At the time of his execution in 269, according to the best tradition, they were removed to the catacomb cemetery of Pontien, where they were placed in a cubiculum in the catacomb, through which ran a spring which was associated with baptism and a miraculous healing power. In the front of the cubiculum was a square basin fed by the spring, a basin which formed a sort of font. The bones of the Saints Abdon and Sennen rested in this cubiculum for five centuries. The cubiculum is still in existence, together with their portraits on the walls adjacent.

Sometime around 770 the bones were removed to the Basilica of St. Mark in Rome where they reposed for two centuries. The crypt in which they rested is still in existence. From this crypt, a portion of the bones were removed by the Pope and given to the Abbot Arnulfe for his monastery.

Aside from the ascertainable facts, there is a large tradition of folklore which has accumulated about the little shrine at Arles, but which has little or no bearing on the phenomenon or its explanation. However while the explanations fail to explain, the water continues to run. No scientific explanation has yet been offered for its resistance to evaporation or its condensation on the inner walls of the crypt. Perhaps the inner walls are maintained, by some unexplained process, at a much lower temperature than the outside. Do the long deceased Saints Abdon and Sennen still exercise some sort of psychical power over the sarcophagus where only small fragments of their bones still remain, immersed in the everforming water?

The water obtained at the shrine is used for administrations to the sick. Many cures have been attributed to its efficacious use. Apparently no medical control or examination is demanded by the local clergy to ascertain the exact condition of the sick upon their arrival at the shrine, so that the cases of disease which are cured there are not thoroughly investigated as is the case at Lourdes. However the shrine has been endorsed by the Bishops of Perpignan and the faithful have been encouraged to pay their devotions there. Catholics are permitted, however, to believe or not, as they choose, in the miraculous nature of the water, which is given freely by the Curé to those who ask.

The sarcophagus was last opened in 1794 and resealed in 1795. It was last suspended from its supports in the year 1848. Since the sealing in 1795, the seals have remained unbroken.

THE END

THROUGH SOLID WALLS

by Clarkson Dye

Have you ever seen a rose pass through a solid wall? Or a fish come through your ceiling? No? Well, Stanford University has a museum with proof of such things.

IN THE basement of Stanford University's museum there is a large box. It contains, in the estimation of many, the most amazing collection in any museum in the world. These objects were sent to Stanford from Australia over thirty years ago. They are an unsolved puzzle to the scientists, and have an interesting history.

An unassuming shoemaker named Charles Bailey was sitting in his shop in Sydney, Australia, one afternoon when a huge, flopping fish dropped out of nowhere right in front of him. It was covered with wet sea-weed. Where did it come from, and how?

This was but one of the many similar occurences which followed in days to come. Bewildered, he showed these unusual objects to his customers, things which were coming so mysteriously from an unknown source. Many took them to their homes as curiosities. It can well be imagined that the residents of Sydney were intrigued by the strange happenings in this shoemaker's shop.

People were talking, and rumors flew. Millionaire Thomas Welton Stanford heard about the shoemaker and the things which were dropping into his shop, and decided to investigate.

But what are these strange things called "apports"? The apport hypothesis assumes that solid objects can, through unknown supernormal agencies, be disintegrated, atom by atom, at one location, and passing through walls and solid substances (often over long distances of land and sea) be instantly transported to another location, and there be reformed into their original structures.

The Bible miracle of the loaves and fishes could be regarded as belonging to this category; and in these latter days many well-authenticated instances of apports are recorded in the archives of the American and British Societies for Psychical Research.

Shoemaker Charles Bailey was sitting in his shop in Sydney, Australia, one day when a huge, flopping fish dropped out of nowhere right in front of him. Where did it come from?

On its face, such a claimed overturning of the laws of physics is an impossibility. In our matter-of-fact world it could only be deemed preposterous and absurd, notwithstanding the fully-verified facts alluding to them. Reputable witnesses of good standing and high intelligence assert that we can't disprove them by any scientific tests, for these things actually happen; you can see them for yourself, they

claim, if you seek them under the right conditions.

So it would appear that it is not necessary to go back to Bible days to verify instances of apport production. Perhaps no one in America has demonstrated this phase of psychical phenomena so convincingly as the Rev. John Bunker, of Eaton Rapids, Michigan. It is not unusual for each of his thirty students at a morning class to receive an apport, created on the spot, as it were, and coming from no known source.

Dr. Philip S. Haley of San Francisco has similarly duplicated the production of food apports, as mentioned in the Bible, on a small scale. Dozens of witnesses have certified to the bona fide nature of Dr. Haley's phenomena.

If further evidence of this apparent confutation of the laws of physical science was desired, one might refer to the array of apports produced through the instrumentality of Leonard Stott of Philadelphia, Frank Decker of New York, Mme. Paolo Rossi of Paris and Genoa, Mrs. Patton of Australia, Sir Alfred Turner, Charles L. Tweedale, Rev. Elizabeth V. Nelson, Clifford L. Bias, the late Jack Weber, Mrs. Guppy, and others. It would hardly be just to brand these miracle-like phenomena as fraudulent, or hallucination of the senses of witnesses, until we have done some investigating.

Thomas Welton Stanford has been referred to as having sponsored such an investigation. For some years he had been interested in psychical research, had witnessed strange things, but was still rather skeptical. He wanted acid-proof evidence. A brother of California's railroad-builder and senator, Leland Stanford, he had a business man's practical sagacity. These apports, he felt, were something he could analyze, with help; could actually see and feel, if they were, as claimed, so wonderfully created. This would, he reasoned, prove conclusively whether this "psychical stuff" was genuine, or not.

With Charles Bailey's services engaged, Mr. Stanford built an additional, dome-like room to his mansion at Melbourne. Here he would make his fool-proof experiments. He had a large cage constructed within this room, securely screwed to the floor. This cage was stoutly built of wood, entirely covered with transparent Brussels net-cloth, sides, top and bottom, with a door similarly covered. During the experiments, Bailey, the shoemaker sat within the cage on a plain chair, in full view of the witnesses present. After he entered the cage, its door was securely padlocked, Mr. Stanford keeping the key in his own pocket.

Before the experiments were to be undertaken, certain additional safeguards were required by Mr. Stanford to insure against delusion or trickery.

Mr. Bailey was first taken from the room by some of the men visi-

Charles Bailey was a shoemaker in Sydney, Australia more than forty years ago, where he laid no claim to being unusual; yet unusual things began to happen in his little shop which came to the attention of the millionaire, Thomas Welton Stanford. Apparently materializing out of nothing, fantastic objects would appear before him. He spent twelve years in the employ of Thomas Stanford, and during this time became regarded as the greatest apport medium of the century. He was never able to explain his ability, and was as astonished by these events as his audience. Today he is almost forgotten, even by mystic people.

tors, stripped to the skin, and then reclothed in a carefully-examined garment and slippers, to be sure nothing was concealed about him. Meanwhile, others among the visitors present were asked to examine the room, and also the cage, to be sure there were no concealed panels, or apertures about the cage, or the walls, floor, or ceiling of the room. The room's doors and windows were securely locked and sealed, by keys which could only be used from the inside. Here, then, was an impregnable room, within which was an impregnable cage, with Charles Bailey locked therein, in plain view of the sitters.

Expectantly, the fifteen or twenty visitors awaited developments. The little organ was played. A stenographer sat under a faint red light at a side-table. Sometimes there would be nothing, and the disappointed visitors would leave. Then, upon other occasions, an abstruse lecture would issue from the unconscious, entranced Bailey in his cage. It would be upon a subject of which he was totally ignorant, being an unlettered man, and he could not afterward remember a word of it.

But the visitors would often be aware that something else was happening within the cage. Instead of the solitary Bailey sitting there, companions were mysteriously com-

ing to join him, or objects were being thrown within the padlocked cage. There might be, at times, strange birds, habitants of India, flying about, and little nests with their warm eggs; or a great live fish squirming on the floor beside Bailey. On other occasions a seed or two would find its way there, and upon a pot being provided, would grow into a plant before the evening was over; or a sticky, freshly-removed leopard skin would be found on the floor. Surely strange things grew within that cage, running into many hundreds during the twelve years the experiments took place in the Stanford mansion.

The entranced Bailey explained that many of these various objects had their origins in China, Tibet, Persia, India, the Philippines, Arabia, Borneo, New Zealand, and other lands. A dozen museums and remote native tribes would have had to be ransacked to obtain them. Some of them were given to visitors, but most of them were preserved by Mr. Stanford in his private museum, with cabinets and wardrobes filled with hundreds of articles and garments which came into the cage. Stanford's aviary held some of the live birds which so came; the garden of his estate had many trees, plants and flowering shrubs, grown during an evening in the seance-room.

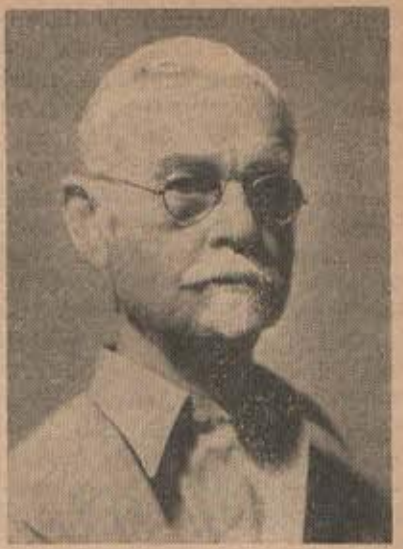
An inventory of the weirdly-created apports produced in the cage over the years is interesting in its diversity and includes over 300 live birds, besides many bird-nests and eggs; seeds, bulbs and small trees; spear-heads, arrows and quivers; ancient and modern manuscripts from Tibet, Egypt, India, and elsewhere; live snakes, turtles and fish; old Chinese paintings, 30 or 40 carved Chinese ivory figures; bags of Chinese money, a Chinese mandarin's silk gown; Indian curtains or tapestry, ten or twelve feet long; a Zulu bracelet; a Borneo chief's headdress; a Persian priest's satchel; an old Grecian astronomical chart; cut and polished semi-precious stones; ancient battle-flags; a belt of python skin; fishing nets; moccasins; mosaics and gold-dust; old gold, silver and copper coins, some inscribed in Sanscrit; a Saracen helmet covered with over 1000 coins, each with an inscription; the wallet of a British soldier of the war of 1864-1865 in India, containing a page from the Bible; strings of natives' shells, turbans and other native hats and veils, fresh flowers and inscribed tablets.

These are but a few of the apports which came into the cage over the years. Many were presented to the visitors, who were invariably the invited guests of Mr. Stanford, and included members of the Australian Parliament, prominent business and professional men and women, and travellers en route.

Among the latter was Mme. Lillian Nordica, who was appearing in concert at Melbourne. As she sat in the seance-room, suddenly within Bailey's cage was found several yards of woven grass-cloth. It had come instantaneously from a remote section of New Guinea, Bailey explained, and had been produced especially for Mme. Nordica. She was also given a seed from the cage, which, upon being placed in a flower-pot, started growing a root and sprouting leaves before the astonished gaze of the witnesses.

A judge, scientists and other professional men made every possible test of this phenomena which could be devised and pronounced them genuine beyond any doubt. A careful stenographic report covering each of these seances for eleven years is now in the library at Stanford University at Palo Alto.

Clarkson Dye, internationally known artist, was born in San Francisco in 1869. Early occupational struggles led him to organize the Vocational Guidance Society of California in 1915. Member lecture staff Army Educational Commission, A. E. F. In 1919 assisted congressional committee to formulate National Employment System. Co-founder Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial in Children's Hospital at San Francisco. Executive secretary The Psychic Fellowship, dedicated to determination of survival and immortality through science. Member American Association for the Advancement of Science. Still active at the age of eighty.



Several of these Australian apports were also sent to Stanford. While many of them were destroyed in the earthquake of 1906, some of them are preserved in that big box previously referred to as now in the basement of the Stanford museum.

Another interesting record of apports comes from San Jose, Costa Rica, where, thirty years ago, Miss Ophelia Corrales surprisingly developed apport mediumship as she approached young-womanhood. Her father, an ardent admirer of Haekel and Vogt, was skeptical at first, but was later convinced, after scientific tests, of her psychic gifts, and offered to take her before British scientists for their most rigorous tests.

This young woman produced such apports as flowers, books, articles of furniture, and numerous other objects, instantaneously, from behind closed and locked doors, with every precaution used to prevent imposture, or hallucination by witnesses. She also performed many other psychical feats, too diverse and astonishing to be recorded here. Many magazine articles appeared at the time regarding this young woman's strange powers, notably those by Dr. Roberto Brenes, and William T. Stead, then editor of the *Review of Reviews*.

And what shall we think of staid General Lorrison of the British army, and of his peculiar experiences? He had a woman friend who possessed this singular gift of producing apports. She was a timid soul, somewhat embarrassed by her powers, and, abhoring publicity, limited her exhibitions to only her husband and General Lorrison. She created apport after apport, over one thousand in one year, and in the twinkling of an eye. They ranged from flowers and rare coins to scores of toys, which were given to poor children.

One exceptional apport which came through this woman was, of all things, hen's eggs. The General would often find a dozen or so in his hat, as he took it up to put it on at an evening's end in this woman's home. Eggs even appeared mysteriously at his own home, by dozens, so that he did not have to buy any for a year. He also tells of one occasion when he tossed a cushion aside as he sat on the sofa in this woman's house, one night. It was full of apples when he arose to leave, and scissors were required to open the cushion's seams.

From Edward G. Randall, an attorney of Buffalo, N. Y., comes another instance of apport phenomena. A psychic friend of his not only produced apports, but gave allegedly-spirit "messages" as well. Due to Randall's profession he was of a somewhat analytical, skeptical frame of mind, and challenged his psychic friend to give these messages while her mouth was filled with water. His request was complied with, whereupon came a loud voice.

"You see, we speak under the conditions you have made."

The water placed in the psychic's mouth had been carefully measured by the attorney, and when it was ejected after the seance, the amount was found to be the same. Mr. Randall also tells of one evening at his friend's house when an apport of fresh sweet pea blossoms came on him from every direction, some of which he took home and placed in a vase.

Flowers seem to be a favorite apport. Admiral Usborne Moore of the British navy tells of sitting with a Mrs. Harris, and flowers came from another room in the house through closed doors. These tokens generally arrive fresh and dew-covered, with unbruised petals. This would seem to indicate that the fragile blossoms could not have been concealed on the person of the psychic, or medium, through whom they were produced.

These examples of duly-attested apport phenomena could be multiplied by many other instances. This gift is apparently possessed only by certain individuals, with no known reason why they are qualified to be the instrumentality through which this phenomenon occurs. Other psychics usually manifest quite different phases of psychical phenomena. We also learn of apports of sounds, or perfumes and odors, instead of objects, and often traced to far-distant origins.

How shall we appraise these apports; what processes are behind them, what implications are entailed? No doubt Houdini could duplicate many of them by trickery, but that they still remain a puzzle to the scientists is evidenced by their silence—and by that big box you can see in the museum at Stanford University.

STARS OVER INDIA

by Nagam H. Arrogya

This little superstition is a powerful one in India. No one there goes "against" the stars.

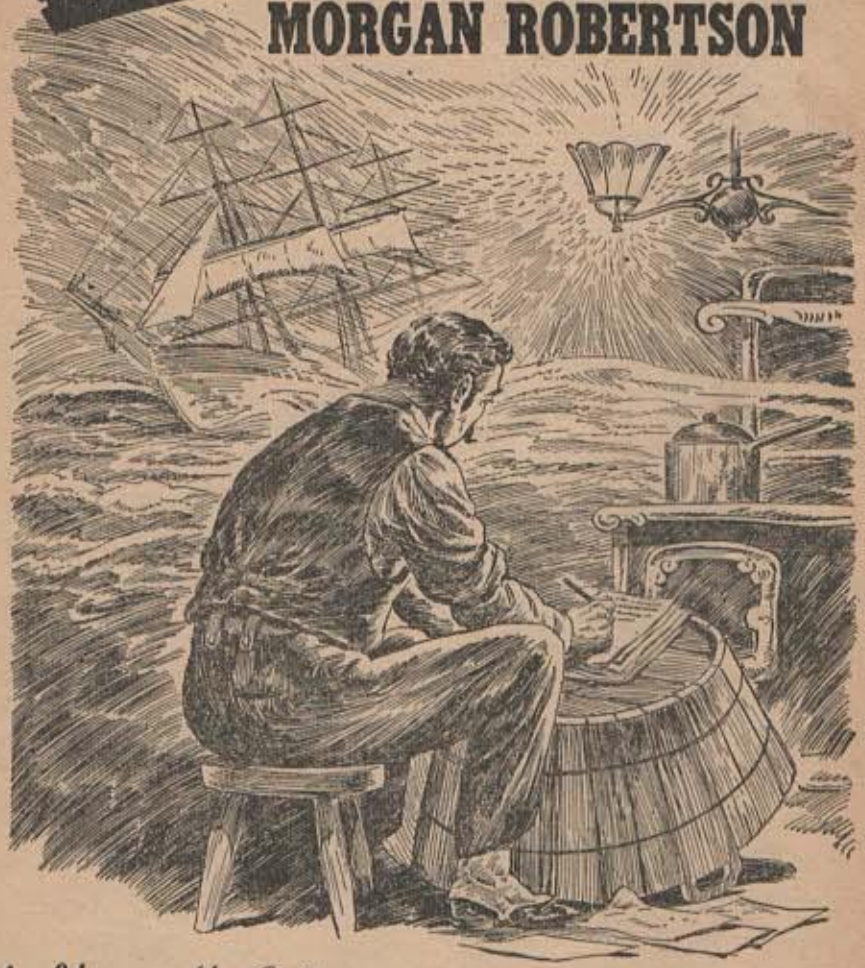
This is known to be true, by the old folks in India. *Rahukala* is the name of the inherited knowledge that every day in the week there are three and a half *nazihikas* (equal to one and a half hours) that are inauspicious, when the stars run against human endeavor. On Monday the period extends from 7:30 a. m. to 9 a. m.; on Saturday from 9 to 10 or 10:30 a. m.; on Friday from 10:30 in the morning to 12 noon; on Wednesday 12 to 1:30 p. m.; on Thursday 1:30 to 3 p. m.; on Tuesday 3 to 4:30 p. m. and on Sunday 4:30 to 6 p. m.

In those hours you should not commence or do anything important, if you mean business. No amendments are allowed, no compromises successful. A sick woman would rather suffer and stake her health than be admitted into or discharged from a hospital during the *Rahukala*. No circumstance can compel her to defy the injunction; she would rather go home and return another time.

THE END

Men of Mystery

MORGAN ROBERTSON



by Vincent H. Gaddis

America's foremost writer of sea stories was too uneducated to write a line; yet his yarns are classics. A weird Force moved his pencil.

MORGAN ROBERTSON foretold the disaster of the *Titanic* twelve years before the great tragedy occurred. Under post-hypnotic influence he conceived the periscope now used on submarines throughout the world. With practically no formal education he became one of America's masters of allegorical poetry and the short story . . .

Morgan Robertson presents one of the greatest enigmas in modern history. Like Joseph Conrad, he was a son of the sea who turned to writing, and it is the voice of the sea that echoes through all his stories—roaring in the tempest, booming on distant surfs. His plots include ships—clippers, yachts and steamers—and men, rough and courageous, caught in the grip of screaming hurricanes, raging fires, shipwreck and mutiny. The late Booth Tarkington wrote of him: "His stories are bully, his sea is foamy, and his men have hair on their chests." But through his tales of battle and rescue runs a dark thread of Nature's more subtle powers—hypnotism, telepathy and dual personality.

Although amazingly successful as an author and inventor, Robertson was unable to write a sentence of correct English or draw a simple scientific design without the assisting inspiration that he called the Unknown. His weird powers, born during a strange dream-state on a New York elevated train, brought him success and fame, and his work is immortalized on every submarine and in every large library.

The son of a Great Lakes ship captain, Morgan Andrew Robertson was born in 1861 at Oswego, N. Y. At 16 he went to sea. He served in the merchant service until he was 25 years old, working his way to the rank of first mate. Then came a vague restlessness that he could not understand. Giving up seafaring, he studied the jeweler's trade in New York City; and finally opened a small shop that specialized in diamond setting. It was at this time, in 1894, that he met and married Alice Doyle.

Two years later, his eyesight impaired, he was forced to give up his business. Difficult financial straits followed. The sea called him; but now he was married, and his wife was frail and ill most of the time. He loved her, she needed him, and to return to the sea would mean long separations. So Robertson, accepting various odd jobs that came his way, remained in the city and assisted his wife in her housework.

Then a strange facsimile of the sea came to Morgan Robertson . . .

He was thirty-six years old when the miracle occurred. What key turned the lock in his inner self remains a problem. Perhaps it was the fact that he had recently read a sea story by Kipling. Perhaps it was something far more mysterious, baffling. He had been distributing circulars, and he still had a bundle of them on his lap when he fell asleep on the elevated train taking him back to his flat on Washington Heights.

When he awakened, just as the conductor was calling his station, a change had come over him. He was

obsessed with the desire to write. So powerful was the strange impulse that he trembled. He left the train and hurried home. Having finished his scanty supper, he announced to his astonished wife his intention to write a story.

"How can you write, Morgan?" she questioned. "You have no education! You can't even spell most words! And what will the story be about?"

"I don't know," he answered. "All I know is that I must write. It's like a voice in my brain, telling me, and I know the voice will tell me what to write about."

He pulled a wash-tub over to the flickering gas lamp, turned his bundle of circulars over, and with the stub of a pencil started to write. The words leaped out beneath his hand and spelled themselves correctly. Guided by some control beyond his conscious mind, the pencil moved rapidly, placed commas and periods in their proper places, and constructed passages of such beauty and literary skill that Robertson read with growing wonder. He had no idea how the story would end. His wife went to bed. Hour after hour the words came as the sailor sat hunched beneath the light, his short, burly frame casting a shadow across the bare kitchen, his gray eyes tense, his fingers aching.

It was the tale of a farm boy who became a vagabond. Trapped on a dismasted vessel in a winter storm on Lake Erie, without any knowledge of navigation, he sailed the ship into Buffalo by use of his native wit. Entitled *The Destruction of the Unfit*, it was a story that any writer would be proud to call his own.

It was dawn when the story came to an end. Eight thousand words—written at one sitting. Robertson was weary, exhausted. But he gathered the circulars together and took them to the editor of *Spun Yarn*, a fiction magazine being published at that time. The editor looked at the rough sailor, and then at the penciled sheets under his arm. He shook his head. In desperation, Robertson insisted that he read the story. More to humor his visitor than anything else, the editor took the circulars and started reading.

After glancing at the first paragraph, the editor stopped and gazed at the sailor in bewilderment. Then he continued reading . . . "It's a masterpiece," he declared enthusiastically when he had finished. "It's the best sea story that has ever been submitted to this magazine."

No revision was necessary. Every word was spelled correctly. No errors appeared in the punctuation. For a man who had scarcely written even a letter to have his first story hailed as a masterpiece—it was truly a miracle! But it was also a profound problem that still puzzles scientists, editors and writers, for Robertson frankly admitted that he did not consciously write his stories. They came to him from the Unknown. He was but an instrument of its expression.

During the following years story after story poured forth from his mystic pen. They were featured in the nation's leading magazines, and praised by editors like the late George Horace Lorimer and Arthur T. Vance. Irvin S. Cobb, Richard Harding Davis, Jack London—all paid him homage, and Joseph Conrad, little suspecting the strange source of Robertson's ability, wrote him: "Indeed, my dear sir, you are a first rate seaman—one can see that with half an eye." He became one of America's greatest writers.

Day after day Robertson entered a semi-trance state which preceded his actual writing. After a bit he would walk to his desk in a daze, then the words would stream forth without a pause—vivid tales displaying astonishing technical skill and complex twists of plot.

"I start a story without knowing what it is about or how it is going to end," Robertson once said. "I get to the middle of it and then the hawser breaks. I can't write anymore. Editors send messengers for the stories. They need them for certain issues; yet I can't finish them. I walk the room praying, cursing. I need the money the story will bring in—but I can't finish it. The Unknown will not write."

Arthur Vance, then editor of *Pictorial Review*, called on Robertson to get a story that had been promised him. A deadline was approaching. But Robertson was pacing the room in nervous agony, his inspiration gone. Vance made the protesting author sit down at his desk and make an effort to finish the script. After reading what he had previously written, Robertson wrote several pages, tossed his pen to the floor in despair.

Picking up the sheets, Vance read the newly-added words, then stumbled from the room in utter bewilderment. They were the crude sentences of a young child, mis-spelled words wholly in keeping with an amateurish continuity of plot. Without his psychic assistance, the sailor was helpless.

In 1900 Morgan Robertson wrote his most baffling story. It told of a great superliner of the future, the *Titan*, which sank on its maiden voyage after striking the ledge of an iceberg. And twelve years later, in April, 1912, the *Titanic*, on its first voyage, struck an iceberg and sank with great loss of life. Detail for detail, the story foretold the actual disaster to come. In addition to the similarity of names, the two vessels were of the same tonnage, on their maiden voyages, and sank from the same cause.

In commenting on this amazing premonitory narrative, Joseph Dunninger, the well-known mindreader, wrote: "These cases involve clairvoyance and premonition, phenomena which are kindred to telepathy. Authors can testify to hundreds of lesser instances in which simple telepathy seemed present. Some have suggested that time may be a dimension like length, breadth and thickness, just as telepathy may be a sense, along with sight, hearing

and others that are recognized."

Suddenly, Morgan Robertson's inspiration vanished. For weeks he could not write a line; the Unknown had left him. In desperation he called upon a prominent New York psychologist, asked to be hypnotized and then given the suggestion to invent.

In using the word "invent," Robertson had been thinking of plots for stories, but when he arrived home and this post-hypnotic suggestion began reacting upon his sensitive mind, instead of words his hands formed complicated and puzzling designs that he could not understand. Apparently the designs were the plans for some sort of mechanical device.

Several months later a nautical engineer, formerly one of Robertson's shipmates, called to see him and noticed the plans. He looked them over with interest and decided that they were for a periscope—a mechanical problem that had stumped submarine engineers for years. In an effort to understand his drawings, Robertson made a visit to a submarine and began reading scientific works until far into the night. Slowly the meaning of the lines and plans became clear, as the designs, becoming more and more complex, continued to form almost daily beneath his fingers.

Finally, one day, the final design came through from his incredible subconsciousness. Robertson had conceived the practical solution to the periscope problem through a suggestion given by a hypnotist. Despite his success, wealth did not follow. Although his conception is universally recognized and used on all submarines, he was unable to patent his device because a fantastic description using the same general principle had previously been published in a French magazine.*

Returning to the psychologist, Robertson requested that the suggestion to write stories be implanted in his brain. But thereafter, to the end of his life, both suggestions—to invent and to write—were rival forces in his uncanny intellect. In the middle of a story a design would start, or his mechanical lines would change into words. As a result his income suffered, and he was never free from financial worries. The publication of his short stories in book form gave him some relief on several occasions.

Robertson could never explain his mysterious gift of intuition and inspiration. Once, fearing insanity, he voluntarily entered the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital, but after two weeks of observation he was discharged as completely sane. He only knew that from somewhere beyond his surface consciousness came thoughts and plots that were linked with the oceans he loved.

Altogether, Morgan Robertson wrote two hundred stories and fourteen books. One volume was a long allegorical poem entitled *A Tale of a Halo*, three were novels, and the rest collections of short stories. All were stories of the sea.

In March, 1915, shortly after his friends had brought out a special edition of his works, he went to a hotel in Atlantic City for a rest. The booming surf was music to his ears, and the tang of the salt air soothed his restlessness. For hours, as night drew on, he stood at the window of his room watching the waves, reliving old memories.

In the morning he was found by a chambermaid—dead. His heart had failed him at last. But he was still by the window, his tired gray eyes fixed in death upon the distant blue horizon. His first love had been the sea, and it had been the voice of the sea that has spoken through his strange powers—selecting him, a rugged sailor, to write immortal stories and make a great invention.

* *Twenty Thousand Leagues Beneath The Sea*, by Jules Verne.

Sources:
Dictionary of American Biography, edited by Dumas Malone, New York, 1935.
Gathering No Moss: An Autobiography, by Morgan Robertson, *Saturday Evening Post*, March 28, 1914.
Bibliography: Morgan Robertson, by Merle Johnson, *Publisher's Weekly*, March 15, 1930.
Explain This If You Can, by John L. Spivak, *True Ghost Stories*, December, 1929.
What's On Your Mind, by Joseph Dunninger, New York, 1944.

THE DINOSAUR AND THE OIL WELL

WHEN an American Oil Company selected a dinosaur as the symbol for their oil, they may have been "psychic". According to a theory recently advanced, oil was formed on the earth in the following manner (actually, geologists have never solved the mystery, tentatively attributing it to the action of microbes which caused a chemical change in carbon compounds):

Originally the atmosphere contained an enormous percentage of poisonous elements. These poisons would be fatal to human beings; but they would be conducive to the luxuriant growth of vegetation. Thus, in the era of poisonous atmosphere, the giant fern and similar prehistoric vegetation grew to incredible size and in amazing profusion. It was this vegetation which later became our coal beds—but *not* our oil deposits.

Science tells us oil seems to be more an animal product than a vegetable product. According to the new theory, the age of the giant fern was also the age of the giant reptiles. The new theory pictures tremendous numbers of these dinosaurs eating the vegetation in which the poisons of the atmosphere were temporarily imprisoned as a factor of their growth, to be released again upon decay. The dinosaurs retained the poisons in the form of a fatty deposit beneath their thick hides and in the hides themselves (snakes and lizards of today are an example). Like the elephant, they had common burying grounds where their carcasses collected, and upon decay the oils collected in huge pools which were later covered up (says the theory) by the same dust clouds from space which buried the vegetation and formed the coal at varying depths in the crust of the earth.

If this theory is true, it not only accounts for the oil, but we owe a debt of gratitude to the dinosaur for cleaning up the atmosphere so that it could support human life.

THE MIRACLE MIND OF NIKOLA TESLA

by J. Harold Byers

Nikola Tesla needed no model to test his inventions; they appeared before his eyes as functioning realities that he could stop and start as though they were really there.

CONTEMPORARY with Edison was another inventor, not so well known, but of the two the more spectacular. This was Nikola Tesla whose life and works have been enthrallingly described by John J. O'Neill in his book *The Prodigal Genius:*

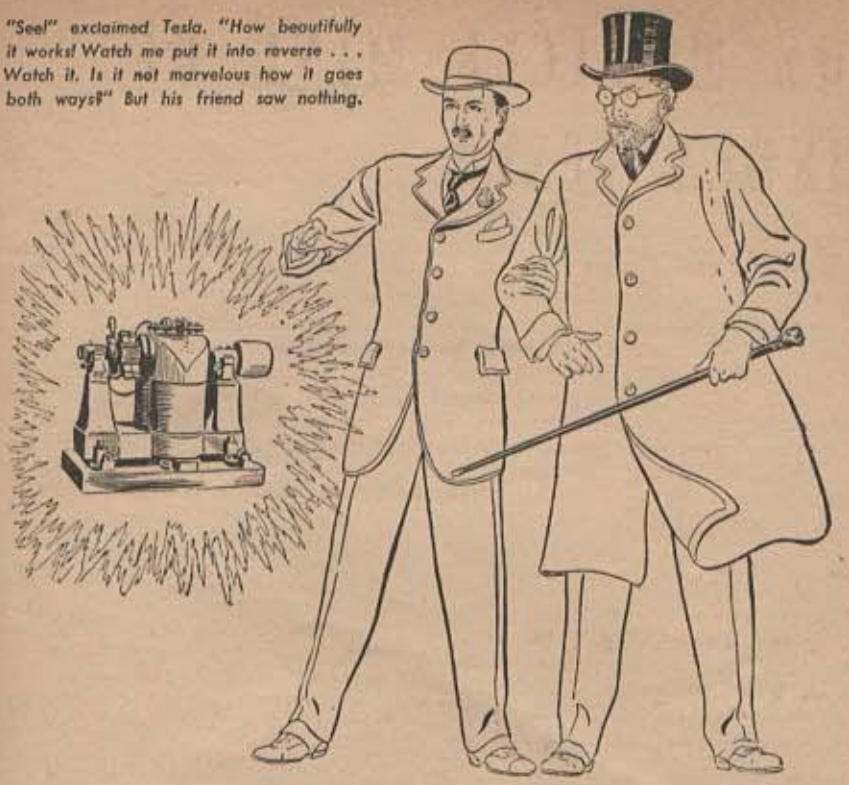
"He was aware as a boy that he was not like other boys in his thoughts, in his amusements and in his hobbies. He could do the things that other lads his age usually do, and many things that they could not do. It was these latter things that interested him most, and he could find no companions who would share his enthusiasms for them. This situation caused him to isolate himself from contemporaries, and made him aware that he was destined for an unusual place if not great accomplishments in life.

". . . practically all his life he experienced a peculiar reaction when breathing deeply. When he breathed deeply he was overcome by a feeling of lightness, as if his body had lost all weight; and he should, he concluded, be able to fly through the air merely by his will to do so. He did not learn, in boyhood, that he was unusual in this respect.

"A strange power permitted him to perform unusual feats in mathematics. He possessed it from early boyhood, but had considered it a nuisance and tried to be rid of it because it seemed beyond his control.

"If he thought of an object it would appear before him exhibiting the appearance of solidity and massiveness. So greatly did these visions possess the attributes of actual objects that it was usually difficult for him to distinguish between vision and reality. This abnormal faculty functioned in a very useful fashion in his school work with mathematics.

"If he was given a problem in arithmetic or algebra, it was immaterial to him whether he went to the blackboard to work it out or whether he remained in his seat. His strange faculty permitted him to see a visioned blackboard on which the problem was written, and there appeared on this blackboard all of the operations and symbols required in working out the solution. Each step appeared much more rapidly than he could work it out by hand on the actual slate. As a result, he could give



"See!" exclaimed Tesla. "How beautifully it works! Watch me put it into reverse . . . Watch it. Is it not marvelous how it goes both ways?" But his friend saw nothing.

the solution almost as quickly as the whole problem was stated.

"Tesla's powers of memorizing were prodigious. A quick reading of a page gave him a permanent record of it; he could always recall before his eyes a photographic record of it to be read, and could study at his convenience. Study, for Tesla, was a far different process than for the average person. He had no need for a reference library; he could consult in his mind any page of any textbook he had read, and formula, equation, or item in a table of logarithms would flash before his eyes. He could recite scores of books, complete from memory. The saving in time which this made possible in research work was tremendous."

In an interview with M. K. Wisehart, published in the *American Magazine* of April 1921, and in Mr. O'Neill's book, Tesla describes his faculty as follows:

"During my boyhood I had suffered from a peculiar affliction due to the appearance of images, which were often accompanied by strong flashes of light. When a word was spoken, the image of the object designated would present itself so vividly to my vision that I could not tell whether what I saw was real or not. . . . Even though I reached out and passed my hand through it, the image would remain fixed in space.

"In trying to free myself from these tormenting appearances, I tried to concentrate my thoughts on some peaceful, quieting scene I had witnessed. This would give me momentary relief; but when I had done it two or three

times the remedy would begin to lose its force. Then I began to take mental excursions beyond the small world of my actual knowledge. Day and night, in imagination, I went on journeys—saw new places, cities, countries, and all the time I tried hard to make these imaginary things very sharp and clear in my mind. I imagined myself living in countries I had never seen, and I made imaginary friends, who were very dear to me and really seemed alive.

"This I did constantly until I was seventeen, when my thoughts turned seriously to invention. Then to my delight, I found I could *visualize* with the greatest facility. I needed no models, drawings, or experiments. I could picture them all in my mind . . .

"By that faculty of *visualizing*, which I learned in my boyish efforts to rid myself of annoying images, I have evolved what is, I believe, a new method of materializing inventive ideas and conceptions. It is a method which may be of great usefulness to any imaginative man, whether he is an inventor, businessman or artist.

"Some people, the moment they have a device to construct or any piece of work to perform, rush at it without adequate preparation, and immediately become engrossed in details, instead of the central idea. They may get results, but they sacrifice quality.

"Here in brief, is my own method: after experiencing a desire to invent a particular thing, I may go on for months or years with the idea in the back of my head. Whenever I feel like it, I roam around in my imagination and think about the problem without any deliberate concentration. This is a period of incubation.

"Then follows a period of direct effort. I choose carefully the possible solutions of the problem I am considering, and gradually center my mind on a narrowed field of investigation. Now, when I am deliberately thinking of the problem in its specific features, I may begin to feel that I am going to get the solution. And the wonderful thing is, that if I do feel this way, *then I know I have really solved the problem and shall get what I am after.*

"The feeling is as convincing to me as though I already had solved it. I have come to the conclusion that at this stage the actual solution is in my mind *subconsciously* though it may be a long time before I am aware of it *consciously*.

"Before I put a sketch on paper, the whole idea is worked out mentally. In my mind I change the construction, make improvements, and even operate the device. Without ever having drawn a sketch I can give the measurements of all parts to workmen, and when completed all these parts will fit, just as certainly as though I had made the actual drawings. It is immaterial to me whether I run my machine in my mind or test it in my shop.

"The inventions I have conceived in this way have always worked. In thirty years there has not been a single exception. My first electric motor, the vacuum tube wireless light, my turbine engine and many other devices have all been developed in exactly this way."

Tesla's mightiest invention was his alternating current motor. It is difficult to overestimate its value. It was really the invention of a principle—the principle of the rotating electric field. For, once that principle was conceived, the motor and a multitude of other practical applications of the alternating current practically invented themselves. It was a master invention that created the electrical power era, the foundation of our modern industrial system.

While studying electrical engineering at the Polytechnic Institute, at Gratz, Austria, Tesla saw for the first time a machine that

would operate either as an electrical motor or as a dynamo. As was the case with all motors of the eighteen-seventies it was supplied with current through a commutator-brush system. When operated it sparked heavily at the commutator.

This sparking of course was a defect; it wasted energy; and corroded the contacts. The typical professional attitude toward any idea, machine, or person, which has arrived or been accepted is enthusiasm. "It is inherent in the machine," said Prof. Poeschl, an instructor in the Institute. The typical inventor's attitude is critical. The defect in the motor annoyed Tesla. He suggested that the commutator be abolished and, of course, was told that such step was impossible. The rebuff bothered him not at all for he suddenly *knew* that not only was a motor without a commutator possible but that the solution lay in some application of the alternating current. *What* application he could not at that time foresee but "he felt an overpowering assurance that he could solve the problem." Prof. Poeschl devoted an entire lecture to a discussion of reasons why Tesla's idea was impossible of attainment. Tesla had little more to say in the face of so authoritative opposition. But the idea that had come to him flowed back, shall we say, into his subconscious mind. From time to time he would take it out and mull it over. Then he would forget it.

Several years later Tesla was walking in the city park of Budapest with a friend when in a flash he solved the problem. The following is Mr. O'Neill's description of the occasion:

"Suddenly the animated figure of Tesla snapped into a rigid pose as if he had fallen into a trance. Szigeti spoke to him but got no answer. Again his words were ignored. The friend was about to seize the towering motionless figure and shake him into consciousness when instead Tesla spoke.

"'Watch me!' said Tesla, blurting out the words like a child bubbling over with emotion: 'Watch me reverse it.' He was still gazing into the sun as if that incandescent ball had thrown him into a hypnotic trance.

"Szigeti recalled the image from Goethe that Tesla had been reciting: 'The glow retreats. . . . It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring,' a poetic description of the setting sun, and then his next words—'Watch me! Watch me reverse it.' Did Tesla mean the sun? Did he mean that he could arrest the motion of the sun about to sink below the horizon, reverse its action and start it rising again toward the zenith?

"'Let us sit and rest for a while,' said Szigeti. He turned him toward a bench, but Tesla was not to be moved.

"'Don't you see it?' expostulated the excited Tesla. 'See how smoothly it is running? Now I throw this switch—and I reverse it. See! It goes just as smoothly in the opposite direction. Watch! I stop it. I start it. There is no sparking. There is nothing on it to spark.'

"'But I see nothing,' said Szigeti. 'The sun is not sparking. Are you ill?'

"'You do not understand,' beamed the still excited Tesla, turning as if to bestow a benediction on his companion. 'It is my alternating-current motor I am talking about. I have solved the problem. Can't you see it right here in front of me, running almost as silently? It is the rotating magnetic field that does it. See how the magnetic field rotates and drags the armature around with it? Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it sublime? Isn't it simple? I have solved the problem. Now I can die happy. But I must live, I must return to work and

build the motor so I can give it to the world. No more will men be slaves to hard tasks. My motor will set them free, it will do the work of the world.'

"Szigeti now understood. Tesla had previously told him about his attempt to solve the problem of an alternating-current motor, and he grasped the full meaning of the scientist's words. Tesla had never told him, however, about his ability to visualize objects which he conceived in his mind, so it was necessary to explain the vision he saw, and that the solution had come to him suddenly while they were admiring the sunset."

Undoubtedly Tesla was very unusual. He possessed a special gift that enabled him to accomplish more in the field of mechanical invention than he would have been able to accomplish without it.

Other inventors have had to a greater or lesser degree this power of visualization—to see in the mind's eye, or on the wall of the bedroom, or upon an imaginary blackboard, a complete diagram or image of a layout or machine. But while this ability may be in some way connected with inventive ability, it is not essential. As a matter of recorded fact, visualization aided Tesla to work out the details, rather than to make the invention. It cannot be said that the power to invent is simply the power to visualize.

The quality that Tesla's inventiveness shared with that of other inventors was the quality of instantaneousness. While thinking of something else, while walking, dreaming, listening to a lecture or a sermon, suddenly the invention is there. There is no effort.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

by Dr. W. E. Farbstein

Did you ever have a dream that came true? If you did, you aren't unusual; here is a series of dreams which came true, based on authentic records.

MRS. RHENHILDA BRADSHAW, a housewife of Teaneck, New Jersey, dreamed one night that she looked through a St. Louis telephone directory and found her sister's name—Mrs. Emelie Kasch. As Mrs. Bradshaw had not heard one word from her sister since their parting in Copenhagen, Denmark, forty years before, the dream excited her.

She got a copy of the St. Louis directory at the local telephone office and found the name of Albert Kasch listed. Writing to this man, she discovered that he was her nephew – her sister's son – and through him the two women were joyfully united.

* * *

FRED FOURNIER, owner of a chain of gas stations in Pittsburgh, recently dreamed that his bulk gas plant in the suburb of Rankin had been robbed. The dream was so realistic that he immediately made a check, but found everything in order. Nevertheless, he removed $1700 in cash from the safe in this place and put it in a bank vault. The very next night the Rankin plant was burglarized—but the the thieves didn't get a dime.

* * *

THE MANAGER of a hotel in Melbourne, Australia, consumed a midnight snack of a dozen oysters, washed down with four glasses of sauterne. That night he had a dream in which a number stood out sharply. Following his hunch the next morning, he bought a lottery ticket with this number, and won first prize—about $40,000.

In Buenos Aires, the news director of Radio Belgrano dreamed of a number with such vividness that it woke him. He fell asleep again, and again dreamed of the same number. The next morning, in spite of his wife's vehement protests, he plunged $80 on that number in the Christmas lottery—and won the grand prize of $600,000.

* * *

H. F. HORSTMANN, superintendent of a Pythian Home near Weatherford, Texas, dreamed that a plane skimmed over the Home and crashed. He told the dream to dozens of people in the morning. The next night a blinding storm arose and an army plane struck the chimney of the Home and crashed, killing three fliers.

* * *

MRS. NELLIE LANIUS, a housewife of St. Petersburg, Florida, dreamed that her fifty-year old son was in trouble. The dream was so realistic that she boarded the bus the next morning and went to Sarasota, where her son was staying. There she made inquiries, but nobody knew about any trouble. However, two hours later she received a report that her son's body had been found in a boat stranded on the beach at Treasure Island. The coroner ascribed the man's death to inhaling fumes from the open engine pit.

Did you know that the best way to hasten FATE's appearance on a monthly schedule is to subscribe? This new schedule is due in the Fall. Why not do as thousands already have done; subscribe, and back us up? We're using your money to give you an increasingly better magazine. We know you've noticed it.

P. S. You'll get your magazine 10 days before the newsstands do, if you are a subscriber.

NEW MEXICO'S STRANGEST STORY

by P. J. Rasch

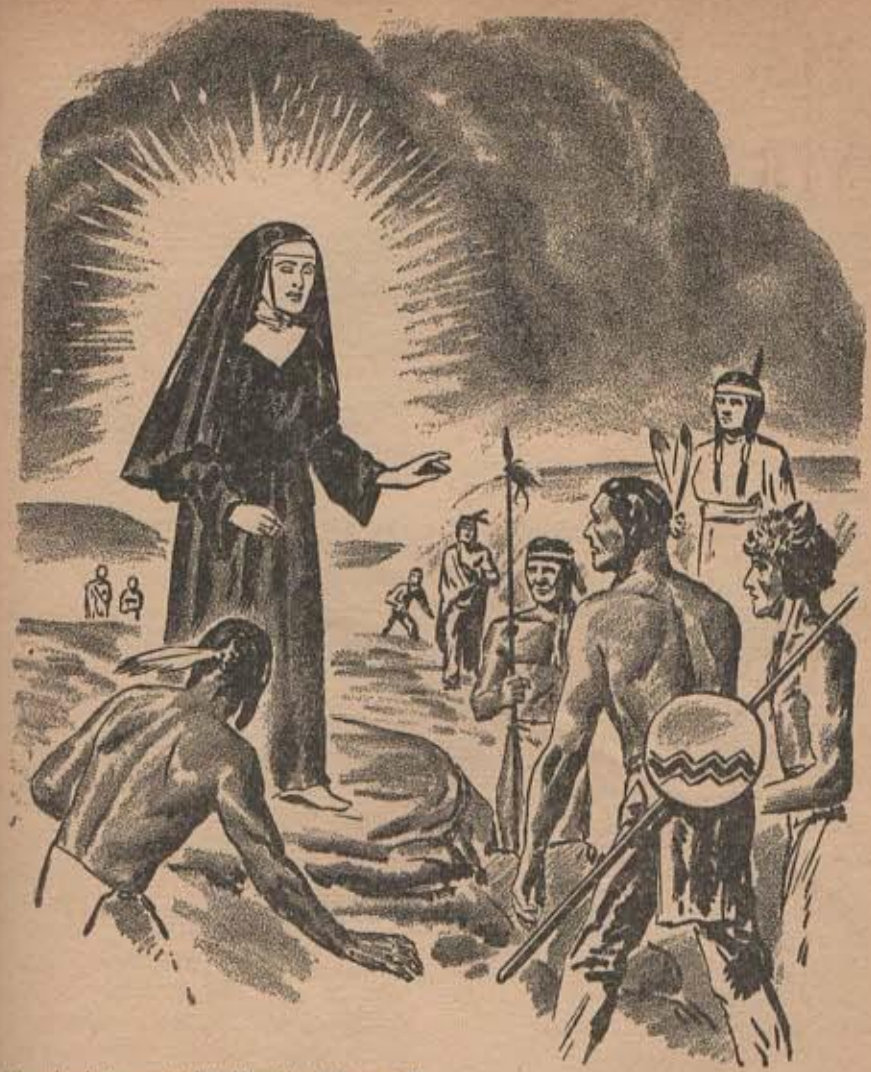
It was obvious that Maria Jesus de la Conception never left her convent at Agreda Spain, yet Mexican Indian tribes described her accurately as their Christian teacher.

THE emissaries of the Jumana squatted dejectedly in the bright New Mexican sunlight flooding the pueblo of San Antonio de la Isleta that day in 1623. Their plea for Catholic missionaries to visit their people and baptize them in the True Faith had just been refused on the grounds that there were no friars available to undertake such a mission.

Unhappy as he was at having to return such an answer, Fray Juan de Salas, S.F., was still more perplexed. When he had asked the Indians who had told them of Christianity they had replied that a beautiful white woman had come down out of the hills, instructed them in the elements of the Christian faith and directed them to seek the aid of priests. A white woman among the fierce Indians of the wilds of New Mexico? Impossible! Yet—how else to account for the fact that the Indians were actually here with their unexpected request? Fray Salas shook his head. A strange tale, this.

Six years later the Jumana again sent a delegation to beg for priests. Seeing a picture of Mother Luisa de Carrion, a Franciscan nun, hanging on a wall, they exclaimed that it was one dressed precisely like her, but younger and beautiful, who had passed among them, telling them that they "should come to summon the Fathers to instruct and baptize them, and that they should not be slothful" about it. This time, however, Fray Salas was ready to go with them.

Earlier that same year some friars had arrived in Mexico from Spain. They reported that it was a matter of common knowledge there that a nun named Maria de



Miraculously transported to New Mexico in a state of ecstasy, Maria converted the savage inhabitants.

Jesus de la Conception, residing in the Convento de la Conception Purisima, of the Discalced Order of St. Francis, at Agreda, in the province of Burgos, Spain, was claiming she was miraculously transported to New Mexico in a state of ecstasy to convert the savage inhabitants to the Holy Catholic faith. The Archbishop of Mexico had directed that

some friars enquire into the matter.

It must have been with a good deal of excitement that Fray Salas and his assistant, Fray Diego Lopez, set forth with the Indians. On arrival at the tribal grounds they found that the people had indeed been instructed in the elements of the Catholic faith and its rites. Even more amazing, as they sojourned among the Jumana, emissaries came to them from the Quiviras and Xapies, stating that the same woman had also appeared among them, instructing them and directing that they too send for priests.

In 1630 Fray Alonso de Benavides returned from Mexico to Spain to give the Father General of the Franciscan order, Fray Bernardino de Siena, an account of matters of interest in the work of the Franciscans in the New World. The Father General also was fascinated and perplexed over the mystery of the unknown feminine catechist of New Mexico. He too had heard of the claims being made by Maria, but finding it inconvenient himself to go to Agreda, he instructed Fray Benavides to visit the convent there and render a full report in the matter.

Obedient to these orders, Fray Benavides arrived at the Convento de la Conception Purisima in April, 1631. He found the abbess was a beautiful woman of some twenty-nine years, wearing the blue cloak of her order. The nun stated frankly that commencing in 1620 angels had transported her to and from New Mexico, sometimes as often as three or four times a day. She described Fray Cristobal Quiros and Fray Diego Lopez in some detail; also various other priests, soldiers, the scenery, certain signs, incidents that took place at some baptisms, etc. The account contained in his *Revised Memorial of 1634* makes it clear that Fray Benavides was completely convinced of the validity of Maria's claims.

More strange accounts were yet to come out of the New Mexican wilderness. In 1684 Fray Lopez visited the area around the upper Colorado. On April 24 of that year he wrote the king that he had received ambassadors from the Tejas, a powerful Indian tribe whom Mother Maria de Agreda had catechized. In 1689 Don Damian Manzanet wrote to Don Carlos de Siguenza that the Indian chief at Tejas village had asked for a piece of blue cloth with which to make a shroud for a deceased woman. When asked why it was necessary that the cloth be blue, the chief replied that in the time of his mother they had frequently been visited by a beautiful woman wearing garments of blue, and this color had ever since been particularly reverenced by them. Quite naturally recollection of Maria's blue cloak came immediately to Don Damian's mind.

Confirmatory evidence is found in *The Memorias of Nueva Espana*, which contain a letter from General

Alonzo de Leon, written in May, 1689. The general relates that the Tejas tribes were familiar with the Christian religion and practiced many Catholic customs. When he had enquired who had taught them, the Indian governor replied that many years ago a white woman had visited them and given them instruction, but she had not been there for a long time.

Ten years later Father Eusebo Kino, S.J., Father Adamo Gilg, S.J., and Senior Lieutenant Juan Mathes Manje, with some servants, made a trip of some 360 leagues from the Rio Grande to the Rio Colorado to investigate rumors that the natives were cannibals. On February 7, 1699, being then at the Junction of the Rio Gila and Rio Colorado, Father Kino noted in his *Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta* that Lieutenant Manje had recorded in his own narrative of the trip (*Luz de Tierra Incognita*) that the natives of the area were so imbued with love and charity that he was of the opinion that the venerable Mother Maria de Agreda had indeed visited them in spirit earlier in the century, for upon their arrival in the country the Franciscan fathers had found the people already somewhat instructed in the Christian faith.

The fact that Father Kino mentions that Lieutenant Manjes was recording this opinion, instead of noting it himself, is interesting. Father Kino and Father Gilg were both Austrians; the fact that they apparently did not themselves connect the attitude of the Indians with Maria is presumptive evidence that they had never heard of her alleged trips to New Mexico and hence absolves them of any intention to contribute to the stories growing up around her.

One more bit of confirmatory evidence was yet to be forthcoming. In 1714 the French-Canadian explorer and trader, Sieur Louis Juchereau de St. Denis, reported he had been told by Indians in eastern Texas that this woman had also appeared among them. There the story ends. It does not appear that the authorities of the Catholic Church have ever taken an official stand one way or the other in the matter.

The basic facts of the Venerable Maria Fernandez-Coronel's life may be found in any standard encyclopedia. She was born in Agreda on April 2, 1602, of a noble but impoverished family. In January, 1619, she and her mother entered the convent there together and simultaneously her father and two brothers became Franciscan friars. By papal dispensation she was made abbess when only twenty-five years of age, and so far as is known she never left the convent thereafter. Under her skillful administration the Convento de la Conception Purisima attained great material prosperity and won fame as a center of religious fervency. When Maria died on May 24, 1665, she had the reputation of a saint.

Five years after her death a book was published which consisted of revelations she claimed were made to her by God. Its ninety-word title is usually condensed to *The Mystical City*. Among other things, the book describes all that happened to the Blessed Virgin while in her mother's womb. By many this portion was held to be indecent. In 1681 *The Mystical City* was condemned by the Inquisition as being in error on both religious and material grounds, and this judgment was sustained by the Sorbonne in 1696. However, there was some doubt as to whether any of the objectionable portions were written by her or were later insertions, inaccurate translations, etc., and later the work was removed from the Index of Librorum Prohibitorum. Rather oddly, even the authoritative *Catholic Encyclopedia* gives no space to her alleged New Mexican adventures. Less formal Catholic sources consider her case a possible example of the phenomena of bilocation, that is, her body may have been in one place while her soul was in another. This same faculty is said to have been exercised by St. Francis Xavier, St. Philip Neri and many other. Whatever the explanation, the facts make up one of America's strangest stories.

Sources:

Benavides, Fray Alonso de, *Revised Memorial of 1634*, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1945.

Bolton, Herbert E., *The Spanish Occupation of Texas, 1519-1690*, Southwestern Historical Quarterly, Vol. XVI, No. 1 (July, 1912).

Bolton, Herbert Eugene, Editor, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta*, Vol. I, The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, 1919.

THE GHOST THAT CONVICTED A MURDERER

by V. B. Shay

The vindictive ghost led a posse to his own body!

At Campbell-town near Sydney, Australia, on the night of June 17, 1826, Frederick Fisher disappeared from his farm. Although Fisher's overseer, George Worrell, stated his boss had taken a trip from Sydney to England aboard the ship *Lord St. Vincent*, neighbors who knew Fisher were puzzled over this sudden departure.

When Worrell began to put up Fisher's farm stock, horses, and equipment for sale, their suspicions were aroused. But on investigation, Worrell produced a signed authorization from Fisher, so everything appeared to be in order.

One night about three months later an old settler, John Farley, was driving home from Campbelltown, and as was his custom he passed by the paddock on Fisher's farm. There he saw the figure of a man gesturing to him from the fence. Immediately he recognized Fisher. Although there'd been no word from Fisher since his disappearance, Farley thought he'd come back, and went over to greet him.

The silent, slow-moving figure on the fence rose, and with the right arm indicated a winding creek near the paddock. As Farley followed, the apparition vanished when they'd reached a swampy spot.

Farley took his ghost story to the police, and on October 31st, Constable Newland went to the place where Farley had said the figure had disappeared. The constable took with him a native Australian tracker by the name of Gilbert. Passing a cornstalk over the scum that covered the swampy spot, Gilbert sniffed. Then he grunted, "Smell white man's fat. Dig here."

When the body was uncovered, Fisher's clothes and personal belongings were recognized. After medical examination by the coroner, identification was definitely established. Fisher's skull had been fractured.

Worrell was arrested, charged with murder, and brought to trial at Criminal Sessions, Sydney, Australia, before Justice Forbes and a military court of six officers, on February 2, 1827.

Although Farley was not permitted to tell his ghost story in court, both judge and jury knew of the experience. While circumstantial evidence was none too strong, Worrell's actions in offering Fisher's property for sale indicated he knew his employer hadn't gone to England. The verdict of "guilty" was brought in, and the death sentence pronounced.

When a petition for reprieve was presented to Governor Darling, a stay of execution was issued at the last minute . . . perhaps because the appearance of a "ghost" had started the series of events that had led to trial and conviction.

In the interim, however, Worrell's conscience was bothering him, and he made a full confession of Fisher's murder and disposal of the body. When the Governor's reprieve arrived, it was too late for Worrell to retract his confession. He was hanged before hundreds of spectators who had gathered to see just punishment meted out to a murderer who was convicted by the "ghost" of his victim.

THE END

PHANTOMS IN THE PHILIPPINES

by Manuel Buaken

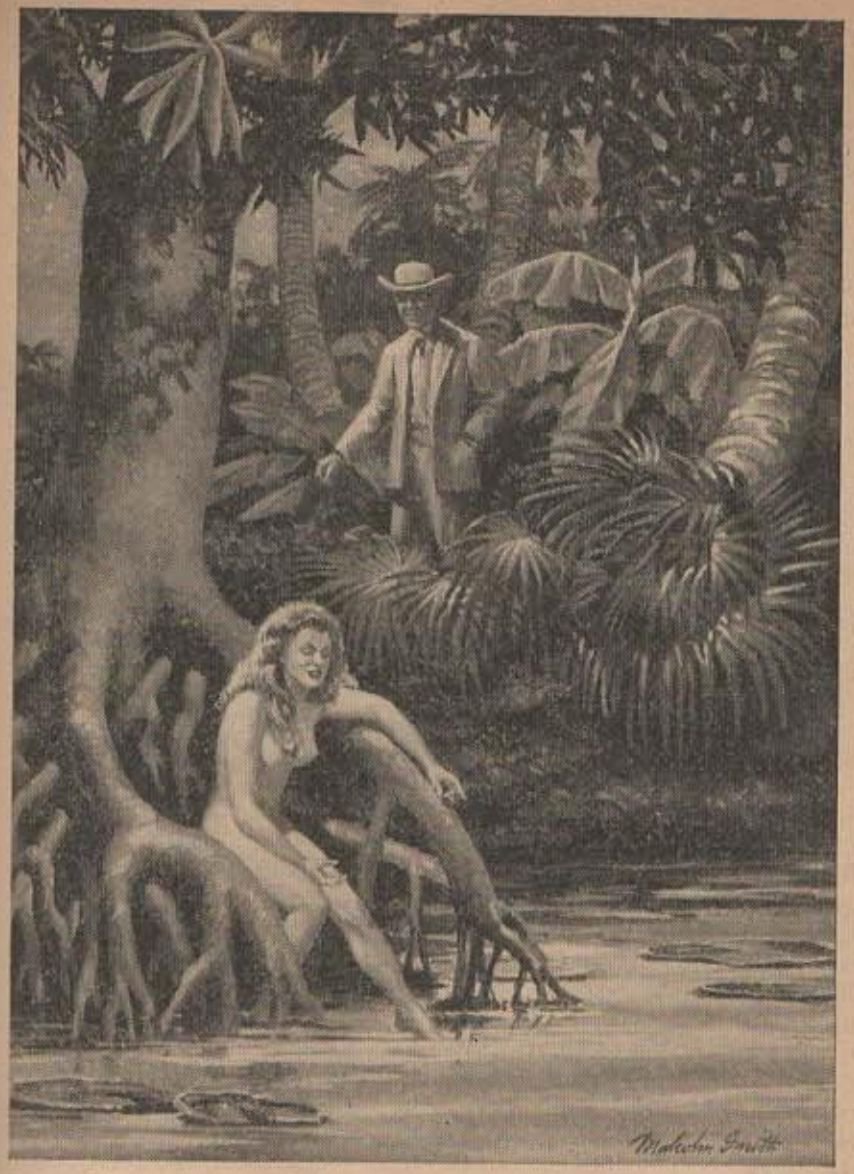
The author is Manuel Buaken, formerly of the Third Battalion of the First Filipino Infantry of the United States, once stationed at Hunter Liggett Military Reservation, Camp Roberts, California. Because of his astute magazine articles, recently published in many leading national magazines, and his role as a leader for the Filipinos in America, he is gaining recognition as a brilliant writer and lecturer, and promoter of racial harmony.

In my country, the Philippines, there is an unrelenting warfare going on between the forces of religion, spear-headed by Protestant church ministers, and the people's old folk-lore and folk-fears of the Unseen. Our people have a great psychic sensitivity, but mostly they do not understand and value this vibratory receptivity—they either worship it or fear it, and often both. Religious leaders, such as my father was, being a Methodist minister, take the road of complete skepticism. They don't believe anything they hear in this line and very little of what they see.

I remember well one hunting trip I made with Father and Uncle Lupo. The latter had his new Remington, Father an old rifle that had served him well since the days when he fought the Americans as an Insurrecto. Anteojos, whose markings gave him the appearance of wearing spectacles, always accompanied Father on his hunting trips. Pedro, our *cargador*, was not happy this day. His friend and companion, Piu, had promised to accompany him, to help carry the goods we would acquire in the mountains. Myself, a high school student, completed the party—a high school student happy to be out of school.

As we went through the rice paddies of the lowlands, through the *cogon* scrub brush, up to the heavily forested *cordillera*—northern Luzon in those days was green and lushly productive—Pedro grumbled a lot because of Piu's absence. When a *limokón* bird ran across our path, he was determined to go back.

"That bird's a sure sign of disaster, coming from the bush, running against us, flying against us to warn us away. It means death will



Though astonished by the sight of a nude woman bathing in the river, Valentin Danguican did not suspect that she was the "phantom lady".

strike before we get home. Furthermore, we will get no deer without Piu; he can smell out deer better than any dog."

Father jeered at him, and said, "Anteojos never fails me."

And he didn't. We brought down two deer, and also carried home from the mountains several baskets of fresh water shrimps and of forest mushrooms.

Heavily-burdened Pedro, struggling down the moss covered trail, still muttered about the *limokén* bird. Father said, "Stop that grumbling, Pedro. Nothing bad has happened . . . it just proves how silly your superstitions are."

It was heavy dusk under the trees now. Pedro stopped suddenly and exclaimed: "Piu. Good old Piu. He knew I'd need help."

And there sure enough was Piu, climbing steadily toward us, in the deepening dusk. Pedro shouted at his friend, but there was no answering hail. Stranger still, Piu went right past us on the trail. But we all saw him, sure as could be.

Pedro was silent the rest of the trip. And when we came to the *barrio*, he didn't seem much surprised to hear the news from Piu's young wife, who sobbed as she clutched a nursing baby to her breast.

"Piu died, a *karasaen* got him. He died this afternoon."

So Piu was already dead from snake bite when we saw him in the upland glade. Piu's spirit had gone to be at home in the mountains he loved.

Father could not explain how this happened, nor could he deny that we all had seen Piu.

Not all the adventures with the Unseen were tragic in the Luzon hills. Some were just ludicrous. For instance, the one at Bagto.

In the Amburayan country, the richly fertile mountain valley of the Amburayan river, the river of great blueness, where birds sang and the deer and the wild carabao and the wild hog still roamed, there was a certain field, a rich meadow, that was known to be the home of very possessive "spirits." These owners of the meadow called Bagto, objected to loud laughing or talking, and insisted on getting their share of whatever food was eaten there. Those who got along well with them, first made a sacrifice of their food to the spirits. In the case of a bird killed and eaten there, especially a chicken, in burning off the feathers, the smell of this burning invited the spirits, and then it was mighty bad manners not to say a prayer dedicating the food to the spirits thus inviting them to take their share. After all, their share wasn't tangibly gone anyway, so most people followed this procedure to be on the safe side.

But Ilocano Nicasio was a typical travelling salesman—skeptical as one could be. He found the mountain people good buyers of his store cigarettes and cotton print cloth. He traded these articles for spears they made in the mountains, for their artistic carvings, for their woven

baskets and other things salable in the lowlands. He also had a *cargador* to assist him. This man was a mountaineer, a Bontoc called anonymously, Juan. They stopped at Bagto, on their way to the lowlands, to drink of the waters of its clear spring, and to make themselves some food. They killed a chicken, cooked in an earthenware pot. In spite of Juan's protests, Nicasio refused to say any prayer to the spirits of Bagto, refused to offer them the tasty bits of the chicken. Greedily he reached for the meat and rice, ate until he was full, and wiping his mouth, laid down with a pleasantly full stomach to take a nap. In a few minutes, Juan was startled to hear Nicasio groaning, screaming that he was choking.

"Something is tearing my tongue," he cried out to Juan.

Juan murmured, "I told you so," and leaped into action to save his boss's life. Hurriedly he killed another chicken, and while he burnt the feathers off over the campfire, he intoned loudly to the spirits of Bagto to forgive and forget and stop pulling out the tongue of Nicasio. Nicasio continued to choke, but after the chicken was cooked and the whole of it devoted to the spirits, he suddenly got relief.

Nicasio was convinced, converted. He went back to our lowland *barrio* of Salcedo and the very next Sunday interrupted a church meeting, while my father was preaching, to insist on testifying. "I believe. I believe," he cried with tears running down his cheeks.

"You believe in pagan superstition," Father shouted. "Get out of my church . . ."

So between the two interpretations of the Unseen in action, I hesitated, as did most of the people of the *barrio*. But personal conviction came to me that Love survives after death by an experience at the cemetery of our village. Father insisted on walking us by there every dark night we were out, just to prove it was ridiculous to fear such places . . .

There was a very sad occurence in the neighborhood: our farmer neighbor, Floro, was killed—gored by a wild carabao. His young wife, Agnai had only her small daughter, Dagnai, to console her. The young mother had a lovely voice. She crooned lullabies to her child in the sweetest tones I ever heard. She was always singing. Whenever you passed her small *nipa* house, you would hear her low, sweetly warm voice in a lullaby song.

There was an epidemic. A sudden fever took both Agnai and Dagnai within a couple of days. They buried them together . . .

Shortly after this sad event, I was sent out one evening, late, when the moon was rising over the muddy rice paddies and making dappled shade in the lane between our houses, down past the cemetery. A windless night, calm and still . . .

And I heard Agnai singing to her babe, crooning lullabies. It could be no one else . . . that voice was un-

strike before we get home. Furthermore, we will get no deer without Piu; he can smell out deer better than any dog."

Father jeered at him, and said, "Anteojos never fails me."

And he didn't. We brought down two deer, and also carried home from the mountains several baskets of fresh water shrimps and of forest mushrooms.

Heavily-burdened Pedro, struggling down the moss covered trail, still muttered about the *limokén* bird. Father said, "Stop that grumbling, Pedro. Nothing bad has happened . . . it just proves how silly your superstitions are."

It was heavy dusk under the trees now. Pedro stopped suddenly and exclaimed: "Piu. Good old Piu. He knew I'd need help."

And there sure enough was Piu, climbing steadily toward us, in the deepening dusk. Pedro shouted at his friend, but there was no answering hail. Stranger still, Piu went right past us on the trail. But we all saw him, sure as could be.

Pedro was silent the rest of the trip. And when we came to the *barrio*, he didn't seem much surprised to hear the news from Piu's young wife, who sobbed as she clutched a nursing baby to her breast.

"Piu died, a *karasaen* got him. He died this afternoon."

So Piu was already dead from snake bite when we saw him in the upland glade. Piu's spirit had gone to be at home in the mountains he loved.

Father could not explain how this happened, nor could he deny that we all had seen Piu.

Not all the adventures with the Unseen were tragic in the Luzon hills. Some were just ludicrous. For instance, the one at Bagto.

In the Amburayan country, the richly fertile mountain valley of the Amburayan river, the river of great blueness, where birds sang and the deer and the wild carabao and the wild hog still roamed, there was a certain field, a rich meadow, that was known to be the home of very possessive "spirits." These owners of the meadow called Bagto, objected to loud laughing or talking, and insisted on getting their share of whatever food was eaten there. Those who got along well with them, first made a sacrifice of their food to the spirits. In the case of a bird killed and eaten there, especially a chicken, in burning off the feathers, the smell of this burning invited the spirits, and then it was mighty bad manners not to say a prayer dedicating the food to the spirits thus inviting them to take their share. After all, their share wasn't tangibly gone anyway, so most people followed this procedure to be on the safe side.

But Ilocano Nicasio was a typical travelling salesman—skeptical as one could be. He found the mountain people good buyers of his store cigarettes and cotton print cloth. He traded these articles for spears they made in the mountains, for their artistic carvings, for their woven

baskets and other things salable in the lowlands. He also had a *cargador* to assist him. This man was a mountaineer, a Bontoc called anonymously, Juan. They stopped at Bagto, on their way to the lowlands, to drink of the waters of its clear spring, and to make themselves some food. They killed a chicken, cooked in an earthenware pot. In spite of Juan's protests, Nicasio refused to say any prayer to the spirits of Bagto, refused to offer them the tasty bits of the chicken. Greedily he reached for the meat and rice, ate until he was full, and wiping his mouth, laid down with a pleasantly full stomach to take a nap. In a few minutes, Juan was startled to hear Nicasio groaning, screaming that he was choking.

"Something is tearing my tongue," he cried out to Juan.

Juan murmured, "I told you so," and leaped into action to save his boss's life. Hurriedly he killed another chicken, and while he burnt the feathers off over the campfire, he intoned loudly to the spirits of Bagto to forgive and forget and stop pulling out the tongue of Nicasio. Nicasio continued to choke, but after the chicken was cooked and the whole of it devoted to the spirits, he suddenly got relief.

Nicasio was convinced, converted. He went back to our lowland *barrio* of Salcedo and the very next Sunday interrupted a church meeting, while my father was preaching, to insist on testifying. "I believe. I believe," he cried with tears running down his cheeks.

"You believe in pagan superstition," Father shouted. "Get out of my church . . ."

So between the two interpretations of the Unseen in action, I hesitated, as did most of the people of the *barrio*. But personal conviction came to me that Love survives after death by an experience at the cemetery of our village. Father insisted on walking us by there every dark night we were out, just to prove it was ridiculous to fear such places . . .

There was a very sad occurence in the neighborhood: our farmer neighbor, Floro, was killed—gored by a wild carabao. His young wife, Agnai had only her small daughter, Dagnai, to console her. The young mother had a lovely voice. She crooned lullabies to her child in the sweetest tones I ever heard. She was always singing. Whenever you passed her small *nipa* house, you would hear her low, sweetly warm voice in a lullaby song.

There was an epidemic. A sudden fever took both Agnai and Dagnai within a couple of days. They buried them together . . .

Shortly after this sad event, I was sent out one evening, late, when the moon was rising over the muddy rice paddies and making dappled shade in the lane between our houses, down past the cemetery. A windless night, calm and still . . .

And I heard Agnai singing to her babe, crooning lullabies. It could be no one else . . . that voice was un-

mistakable, yet there was no one in sight.

"Love was speaking beyond the grave," I told my father. "Agnai loved her baby so much, she still sings to her." And this time he had no skeptical answer. He, too, believed in the power of love, for what is the Christian resurrection but Love Deified, speaking beyond all Death.

On the eve of December 24th, at the *barrio* of Salcedo, in the province of Ilocos Sur, it was hot. It was joyous harvest home for the Buaken family. Uncle Lupo Biteng, vacationing from his law studies at the University of the Philippines, had been teasing his sister, Anna, to make a batch of the *suman* (rice candy) for which she had family fame, to go along with the fatted lamb my father had butchered for the all night feasting. I was home from my high school boarding house at nearby Tagudin, bringing my chum, Victor, for the holidays. This was the way of the Philippines on Christmas Eve, before the cruel invader blasted merriment from our hearts.

The mouth-watering fragrance of the *suman* was mingling with the equally tempting odors of the *lechonada* (barbecue) when Father got his big idea that I was to take part of the *suman* to my Aunt Benita.

"You know how those folks enjoy eating your Mother's *suman*," he said to me.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed. "Mother, please. I don't want to leave the party (we had many guests assembled around the *lechonada* pit, out in the orchard). And besides, Victor saw Serena there last week, there at the mango tree, and I'm afraid."

Father snorted in disgust, but at his wife's insistence, he let up on me, and turned his attention to her brother Lupo.

"Don't tell me you're afraid of the dark, and of the Ghost Lady of the River, this Serena," he dared him. "You can even take Castano—the spirits can hardly kidnap both of you."

Under this sarcastic prodding, my uncle agreed to undertake the errand, although he didn't want to leave the party any more than I did (there was a pretty girl involved in this; there always was with Uncle Lupo)!

He set off on my father's big red stallion, Castano, to take the lane that crossed the rice fields from Salcedo to Amarao, from thence across more rice paddies, and across the river Bayugao to the *barrio* of Babayoan, where mother's sister, Benita, lived.

The river was low now, easily fordable on foot, but it has a wide range when swollen by the rains. Then its bed is about 300 yards wide.

During heavy rains, the villages are cut off from each other by the bridgeless river, coming from the high, steep, jungle-clad *cordillera*, down to the raging China Sea.

At the edge of the sandy river bottom, there is a mango tree of much fame. Its strange growth has caused it to extend its roots parallel to the trail for some feet, making a natural couch, then rise straight up as a mango should. At this season, its glossy green leaves were interspersed with gleaming golden fruit.

After Uncle Lupo had thundered away on Castano, Victor said, "I'm glad it's not me. Just two nights ago I crossed from Babayoan; it was real dark, and I saw Serena! She was sitting there, with her back toward me, the mango tree her throne. I only saw her gleaming hair; it was like flowing corn silks, and she had a white dress."

Father led the laughter that ridiculed Victor. And he was purple-faced angry when Lupo returned, still carrying the basket of *suman*.

"That Ghost Lady scared the horse. He wouldn't cross the river. Just this side of the mango tree, about fifty yards away, Castano reared up and refused to go on. He kept staring at the mango tree, and I swear I saw a girl there, dressed in white. As for me, I think the horse knows best. Good horse sense!"

Father's problem was solved when the guest, Omingan, arrived. He was father's good friend, for they had been soldiers together, and had migrated together from the south of Luzon to homestead here. Omingan was always welcome, for he was a man of power and good will. He had what I know now was great psychic insight and ability, but it manifested itself there in power to communicate with the "good spirits," to effect many healings of body and mind. He was a likeable man, with a ringing baritone voice, fond of good company, and so liked the Buaken home. He agreed to take the *suman* to Aunt Benita. To Victor and myself he said, "Never fear Beauty, though she shows herself strangely."

The golden-haired ghost lady of the mango trees continued to haunt our minds, especially keeping me wondering. I found that she seldom showed herself to women, but that she had a special attraction for young men. Victor saw her, so did Canuto Domucmat, another student, also coming home from Tagaudin. It was a moonlight night. Nearing the mango tree, he was astonished to see someone sitting there, astonished because she wore a gleaming white gown, like a wedding dress, and there was a white veil over her flowing hair. She was dressed like himself, for a gay occasion, but there was no ballroom by the river. He kept advancing; he could not tear his eyes from the radiant vision, he sought to see her eyes. But before he was within that range, Serena vanished. Then for some reason, Canuto was frightened, and ran all the way home. My father laughed at that story too.

But he stopped laughing when the *concejal* got mixed up in the deal—Valentin Danguican was then *concejal*. The great dignity required of his position as mayor irked him,

for he still liked amorous adventures, as his wife knew well. He was crossing from Babayoan to Salcedo on a night when the moon was full, and at the river's edge its bright white flood shone on a beautiful young woman bathing unclothed in the river, close to the mango tree. The moon shone on her flowing hair, giving it a reddish glow. The *concejal* thought: "It is strange that Dominga Buaken is so far from home, taking a bath at night in the river. Her auburn-haired, tall but well-rounded body, so exposed, is liable to attract evil men."

He came to my father's house.

"Manong, why is Dominga bathing in the river so late at night? I saw her by the mango tree."

Father swore a little.

"Are you drunk, Sir? My daughter is safely in her bed. Why are you spreading scandal about her?"

The *concejal* apologized profusely, and Father at length calmed down. He even admitted now the existence of the Ghost Lady. "I guess you saw that Serena my boy makes so much fuss about. Too bad I never saw the lovely apparition." So they joked and were friends again, but the damage was done, for Aunt Benita told her friend, Francisca, and Francisca whispered the story in secret to Valid, the *concejal's* wife. There was a jealous scene, and the *concejal* sought refuge in another *barrio*, cursing Serena.

That was hard luck for the *concejal*, but in a few weeks his wife would relent and take him back. But for poor Emiliano, things did not come out so well. He was a devout Methodist who sneered at the whole idea of Serena, the Ghost Lady of the River, as pagan superstition. He said that the flame-haired beauty was a devil's invention to tempt people who did not go to church.

It was a dark night when he crossed from Babayaon to Amarao, alone. It was March, and the hot dark air was scented with *ylang-ylang* growing at the river's edge. Emiliano looked up from an absent-minded study, to see that the mango tree couch was inhabited. Then he heard chanting, and as he approached, he saw clearly the girl's form and the sheen of her white dress. The sweet poignant chanting was just a little louder than the rustling of the grass in the light wind. Emiliano walked toward Serena, fascinated, straining to see her eyes. Suddenly she turned, and her eyes blazed at him, blue fire that burned into his soul. After a second of hypnotic magic, she vanished. The haunting melody of her song was gone from the night, but not from his heart—not ever. Unlike the others, Emiliano was not frightened; he was enchanted, bewitched.

Night after night he went back in search of the flame-haired lovely ghost lady. He longed to touch her, to hear again her song, to know again the enchantment of her glance. But never more could he

see her. Emiliano himself had little beauty of form or face; perhaps Serena rejected him for that reason.

Whatever reason, Emiliano was ruined. He became a hermit, lived at the river's edge, sang wild songs, pleading to the Ghost Lady, his Serena. Finally he disappeared from the banks of the river Bayugao. And so did Serena.

CRISWELL PREDICTS

by Jeron King Criswell

WHO will be the thorn in the sides of the present Congress? WHAT will be the actual fate of Asia? WHEN can we expect the new $50 television set? WHERE will the next trouble spot of the world be? WHY will the Truman campaign promises fail to be kept? HOW MUCH do we actually know about Russia? These are the questions that confront the American people on this 25th day of January, 1949.

Twenty years ago this month, an Arab, who read the future of the world in coffee grounds outside a cafe in Fez, Morocco, told me "1929 will be a year of money crisis, 1939 a year of war crisis, and 1949 a year of personal crisis!" The stock market did crash in 1929, World War II did start in 1939 and in 1949 people are seeking a personal safety against a changing world.

As Napoleon once said "You cannot dispute a prophet, you can only disbelieve him." So let us get on with the six leading questions of the moment. The first question:

(Continued on next page)

In the winter, 1949 issue of FATE Magazine, published Dec. 23, Criswell made his predictions for 1949, very general in nature, sketching the incidents to come in this turbulent year. Already the month of January has brought the predicted violence of the weather; the feeble rally of the stock market; the divided Congress; the lull in the Palestine fighting; the rising tide of unemployment; the discussion of full socialization of medicine and law; the falling prices in real estate; the continuation of rent control; abatement of threatened strikes; powdered tea; the boom in the mid-west cities in war manufacture; the declining price of food; the growing conflict between the Catholic Church and the Communists; the Polish border revolts; hobble skirts; the new strength of Japan and Germany; the Egyptian and Greek cabinet crises; the independence of Ireland; the recognition of Israel as a nation; and the stiffening attitude toward Russia.

"Who will be the thorn in the side of the present Congress?"—and my prediction is: "The Dixiecrats" or in other words, "The Solid South". This will not be a written political tirade, but actual conditions as they are, and as they will be. Secretly, the gentlemen of the south resent Mr. Truman and his attitude toward the racial question below the Mason-Dixon line. Mr. Truman is the first president born south of the Mason-Dixon line in over a hundred years. These gentlemen of the south feel that Mr. Truman has betrayed his Southern heritage—and is not exactly following the true ideas of the old school.

My prediction still stands—that Mr. Truman will go down in history as the greatest reconstruction president this country will ever have. Mr. Truman has been heralded in prophecy as such: Mr. Nostradamus says, "After the great orator will come a true-man, and on his own will reconstruct." The great orator was Mr. Roosevelt (who strangely enough does not rate a line in any of our famous prophecies about this country and who may find himself lost in the shuffling years) and the true-man is Mr. Truman whose name was so carefully hyphenated, so we would know the man when he came into being. If there are dissenters about the lack of prophecies concerning Mr. Roosevelt, let the predictions be produced.

The Men of the South still have the power of filibuster, and will use it, if any civil rights below their sacred Mason-Dixon line are tampered with. This filibuster will be loud and long at the end of the congressional session; nevertheless, the negro will have his vote—not in 1949 but in 1950.

Mr. Truman will tread softly on the Civil Rights Program he promised in his election oratory—for he will not chance having his other pet schemes defeated by making quick enemies at the very beginning of this new Congress.

That little band of southern gentlemen of the old southern school will continue through their highly efficient minority practically to rule the ways and means of the country—and be the unshakable thorn in the side of the new Congress.

The actual fate of Asia has been foretold many times in prophecy—that the time is fast approaching when Asia will revert to the Asiatics. The white man has plundered and misused the yellow man's nations—and now the racial and national consequences are becoming evident. What we have sown in the Orient, we are also reaping. It is Stalin's claim that he is first a Mongolian—and in the cold light of prophecy and the present Red conquest of China, Stalin might be right. The truth is we will be able to do very little in Asia at the moment. China has fallen to the Red Army, and the Red Army will keep fighting in the field until it will reach Singapore, India, and then swing into Arabia. The dream of a warm water port will be more than realized for the Russians—they will have the top half of this eastern global world.

Japan will be heavily fortified as a bulwark against Russia, and this will be the American boundary line—the farthest fringe of our safety zone.

The new $50 television set will be on the market in the eastern states by the 1st of July. This release date will be picked because, (1) the overstock of other tv sets, (2) the planned half-price sale of all tv sets in March, (3) the delayed introduction of the new round screen, which takes the fuzzy edges away and will always produce a clearer picture, and (4) people will be very price conscious by that time, due to the declining prices of other commodities.

The next trouble spot of the world? My prediction is that it will be France. The Labor Unions will strike again, causing a national crisis and bringing into action the De Gaullist Party who will actively fight the Communists—and this will precipitate practically a civil war.

The Truman campaign promises will fail and bog down halfway through, because the American taxpayer will revolt against the high taxes levied against his income, entertainment, funerals, and simple home pleasures.

How much do we actually know about Russia? Well, not too much. We are being victimized at this very moment through a false peace mission that will sabotage the present Atlantic Pact we are trying so hard to make. Sweden will remain neutral, no matter what our diplomats offer her.

Prices will continue to fall in the months of February, March and April. The crisis month of the year, as I explained in the Winter issue, will be May.

Now let us continue with predictions about people, places and things:

WINSTON CHURCHILL will oppose the Asia Pact with all his vehement force. Mr. C. will fade from the picture during this year, for this is his twilight season. The word DEFLATION will be used instead of the word INFLATION, for that is what is now taking place . . . and the dollar is worth exactly 57¢ in the terms of the 1939 dollar, but before 1949 is over, your dollar will be worth 75¢. AID TO EUROPE will cost us 20 billions for the next three years. OLD HOUSES are becoming a drug on the market, and the newer houses are not selling, due to the high price. (The next drastic dip in real estate will come in May, the crisis month.) Most prices are past or are passing their peaks.

Here is the coming TAX SITUATION: corporation taxes will be slightly raised. Personal income taxes above the $7,500.00 mark will be tapped for more. Estate and Gift Taxes will no longer come under the community property principle.

The DRAFT ACT will still remain active, and more and more

boys will be trained. UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING will come into being sometime the early part of 1950.

What to sell was once the manufacturers' and merchants' worry—now it is how to sell, for 1949 will be the year of abundance in all lines, the bargain year that was mentioned in the winter issue of FATE. Electrical appliances (including electric stoves, ice boxes, and deep freezers) furniture, lumber and building materials, clothing (men's suits and overcoats, even underwear and socks, shoes), fuel oil and supplies, copper, lead, steel, aluminum, graphite, paper, rubber, fats and oils, and all chemicals have been reduced in price as much as 20%. The prices are still falling on these items—and will continue to fall until the 15% to 25% above the 1939 price has been reached.

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY is the present co-ordinator of the American Funds to rebuild European armies for the American Acheson (no longer Marshall) Plan, but when the North Atlantic Plan is put into effect, he will be replaced by an American, General Lucius Clay. General Clay is now in charge of the Berlin affair for us, and this promotion will come as a disappointment to many in the army who do not like Clay.

The GERMAN RUHR is in high production again, almost prewar. Coal and steel are again the key industries and the industrialists who ran things for a Mr. Hitler will now run things again. This is the trouble spot in Europe at the moment—but will be overshadowed when the coming French crisis makes itself known.

Anti-American feeling is rampant in North China and will spread into Siam, India and the Javanese Empire, in spite of our strong propaganda being poured out and to our contrary wishes.

The next big movement in American socialization will be, not free medicine, not free lawyers, but free food! The stamp plan will be put into effect to take care of the very large surplus of farm produce—and this will mean that one seventh of our present population will be eating more and paying less. If you spend 60% for food now (which you should), you are entitled to a refund of 20% from the government—for in normal times the cost of food should only be 40% of your income. It will be costly but it will keep the farm prices from hitting the skids too quickly.

DR. FREDERIC JOLIOT-CURIE, active member of the French Communist party, will be placed at the head of the French Atomic Commission. France has entre to all atomic secrets, but this courtesy will be withdrawn within a short time.

ADMIRAL C. W. NIMITZ will issue a final statement on how he feels toward the new Atlantic Pact, and he will claim that it is not strong enough. (The new pact expressly says if one country is attacked, all must declare war on the attacker.)

By the time you read this, a bill will have been introduced in the House calling for a $100 per month pension to all persons over 60. This bill will become law, and by March of 1950, all persons over 60 will be receiving pension checks for $100 per month. OSCAR EWING, the Hoosier politician, lawyer, and bon-vivant will head this new pension agency.

Federal Housing will be started this month, 150,000 dwellings at low rentals with first choice to veterans, and this will be continued for seven years.

COCOA, COFFEE, SOAP and RUBBER products will be much cheaper before warm weather sets in.

RITA HAYWORTH will be required to take out foreign citizenship when she marries ALY KHAN. JACK DEMPSEY, who recently sold his life story for filming, will not be pleased with the way he will be portrayed on the screen, and will demand that the role of "the "champion of the world" be made more like a "gentleman".

The BAD LUCK or so-called JINX that followed Mr. Dempsey at one point in his career has been beaten by a woman, MARJORIE PLANT (the wife of PHIL PLANT), who has taken over his fabulous fiasco, THE RIVIERA PACIFIC and will make quite a success with this Mexican resort, 65 miles south of our border. This showplace was built by Mr. Dempsey eighteen years ago, but he never opened it, due to the Mexican law on gambling. Marjorie Plant has defied the jinx, the ghosts, and the un-dead, and the Riviera Pacific will again be very much in the news.

Each year in Palm Springs at the Desert Retreat, the swimming pool is the scene of an old Indian ritual which claims to restore health. Perfume made from the cactus flower is placed in the pool, you swim in it, take a bottle of the scented water home, keep it a year, and it has kept you healthy. Just as the Hopi have the rain dance ceremony, the Duri have the scented baths.

The next big news coming from the west coast will be about an organization which will more than equal the Oxford Movement, and will be designed for everyone. This will not be a new religion, but an everyday livable creed. Some very famous personalities have secretly tried these precepts and found them to their liking. This movement will sweep the country by April.

The next gambling device will be introduced at the Club Cal-Neva at Reno, Nevada called, "Wild Indian"—and this mechanical game will be made in miniature for the home.

The next star out of Hollywood will be Carol Ann Beery, the daughter of Wallace Berry. LUCILLE BANNISTER will make

headlines much in the same manner as RITA HAYWORTH did when she chased her Indian Prince, only Lucille will refuse to marry Pierre Cartier, the famous jewelry family's heir.

The next mixed drink to be marketed will be "The Doll House Special" out of Palm Springs.

In the ART WORLD, the artists you will hear the most from in 1949 and who are fast becoming collectors' items are: Roy Riddell (Laguna, California), Tom Lewis (San Francisco), Milt Marx (Chicago), Robert Brawn (St. Louis), Don Forbes and Leslie Powell (New York).

Let Congress enforce rent control, fix the price of hall bedrooms to honeymoon suites, for at last the home builder has a bargain for 1949—thanks to the genius of one William Alexander, who designed with one eye on durability and style, and the other on the pocketbook! Mr. Alexander's latest economy house (he built the dynamic Richard Haliburton house at Laguna Beach, California, which set the pace nine years ago) employs the new fluid space, aluminum sliding door and windows, a bronze corrugated glass wall, recessed lighting, colored cement floors, built-in unified furniture, a swimming pool, and a sun roof where your helicopter can land. The interior and exterior is dominated by the new concrete grid pattern. Save the names of these colors for you will want them, for they are expertly matched by Mr. Alexander: saddle gold, lichen green, burnt clay, bluebonnet blue, smoky oak and granite white. For trim, the delicate Key West coral is used. This practical home was built for the writer, David Greggory.

Our State Department will have a job for you if you speak Russian, Arabic or Armenian.

The census takers predict the total population of America will reach 150 million in 1960.

In 1943, at one of the meetings of the famous English Psychic Society in Hollywood, the Ouija Board was asked to spell out the name of the next First Lady of the land, and the answer promptly came back "Bess Wallace". The Board was asked, "Don't you mean Iona Wallace?" (Henry Wallace, the vice president's wife was Iona Wallace) and the Board again said "Bess Wallace". The date was asked and the Board said 1945. Upon Mr. Roosevelt's death in 1945, Mr. Truman came to the office of president, and his wife's name was "Bess Wallace" Truman.

Some uneasy heads are tossing on their pillows these nights, and these are the heads that wear a crown of crime—for they will soon be detected. Plans are now being rushed for National Fingerprinting this coming September. The project will take a full month: All persons whose name starts with the initial "A" will register and be fingerprinted on Sept. 1st, all the initials "B" on Sept. 2nd, etc., until "Z" is reached, completing the alphabet on Sept. 26th.

We are very aware of the huge cost we have undertaken to feed, arm, and strengthen the entire world against Russia and how this will reflect in our daily life. Cigarettes will be taxed an extra two cents a pack, whiskey and beer tax will be raised 25%, horse betting tax will be upped 100%, funerals, mind you, funerals, will find a tax tied to the dignity of the dead.

A new series of headlines will confront you on Alaskan defense.

Peter Garner Helga, famous continental confectioner, will open a chain of candy shops nationwide, featuring a candy-cake confection.

The especially written political letters of Edward Bakos which changed direct mail into personal correspondence proved so sure fire during the election, will be tried out by our biggest mail order firms.

There is a new lipstick that glows in the dark, a new perfume that will smolder for hours, a driving coat with its own inner-built heating system, and a new carrotine tablet that will give you better vision. Also, a new belt that is self adjusting for after-eating discomfort, plastic arch supports, and a new shampoo that leaves you with curls galore!

Thomas P. Scully will make a startling announcement to the leading Democrats for obtaining party unity and cooperation.

Fred Little Globe will design a new container for plant food that will revolutionize the industry. His new fertilizer that is insect repellent will be on the market soon.

Burney Charles Pregge's book on "Your Income Tax" will again be a best seller.

Arthur Prevost's plan of soil conservation through chemical process will startle you.

Aline Mosby's book on her interviews of celebrities will hit the stand soon. Miss Mosby covered the Valentino seance at Falcon Lair.

Thelma Ray of Hollywood has started a new craze of finding the movie star you resemble so that you can profit by correct dress, make-up and manner.

Alonzo Riggs of Hollywood, the inventor of the new reducing vibrator, keeps you slim. Mr. Riggs' slogan is "Five minutes a day on any bulge, and bango, it's gone."

The latest Mexican food import will be pickled rattlesnakes with wild crickets. Peru's bid for the epicure is baby mountain crow stuffed with mint leaves and puya. (Puya is bug juice.)

Grover Dunford Inland has perfected a water soluble fertilizer of triple strength that increases the growth of everything from tomatoes to watermelons. Lyle Bishop has invented a venta-glass window that works like a Venetian blind. Henry Ford III will market soil proof glass with the 1950 model automobiles. Jim Appleby, the president of Accessory Creators, will cause the next fashion panic with his "sculptured jewelry" for milady.

GHOST ARMY of the CIVIL WAR

by John Phillip Bessor

A REMARKABLE phenomenon was witnessed a few miles west of Lewisburg, Greenbriar County, Va., on the 1st of October, 1863, about three o'clock P.M., by Mr. Moses Dwyer, who happened to be seated on his porch at the time, as well as by others at or near the house.

The weather was quite hot and

Many have been the stories of "ghost" armies who aided in fighting the Civil War. Perhaps here is one of the sources of those legends; or it may be an authentic account.

still; not a cloud could be seen; no wind even ruffled the foliage on the surrounding trees. All things being propitious, the grand panorama began to move. Just over and through the tops of the trees on the adjacent hills, to the south, immense numbers of rolls, resembling cotton or smoke, apparently of the size and shape of doors, seemed to be passing rapidly through the air, yet in beautiful order and regularity. The rolls seemed to be tinged on the edge with light green, so as to resemble a border of deep fringe. There were apparently thousands of them; they were perhaps an hour in getting by. After they had passed over and out of sight, the scene was changed from the air above to the earth beneath, and became more intensely interesting to the spectators who were witnessing the panorama from different standpoints.

In the deep valley beneath, thousands upon thousands of (apparently) human beings (men) came in view, travelling in the same direction as the rolls, marching in good order, some 30 or 40 in depth, moving rapidly—"double quick"—and commenced ascending the almost insurmountable hills opposite. They had the stoop peculiar to men ascending a steep mountain. There seemed to be a great variety in the size of the men; some were very large, whilst others were quite small. Their arms, legs, and heads could be distinctly seen in motion. They seemed to observe strict military discipline, and there were no stragglers. There was uniformity of dress, white blouses or shirts, with white pants; they were without guns, swords or anything that indicated 'men of war'. On they came through the valley and over the steep road, and finally passing out of sight in a direction due north from those who were looking on. Four others (respectable ladies) and a servant girl witnessed this strange phenomenon. On the 14th instant the same scene, almost identical, was seen by 8 or 10 of the Confederate pickets at Runger's Mill, and by many citizens in that neighborhood; this is about 4 miles east of Percy's. It was about an hour passing.

The foregoing account is copied verbatim from page 373 of "The Civil War in Song and Story", by Frank Moore. P. F. Collier, Publisher, 1889. Furnished through the kind efforts of John Philip Bessor, 419 W. Newcastle Street, Zelienople, Pa.

THE THINKING HORSES OF ELBERFELD

by Henry Rich

Maurice Maeterlinck tested these horses, and was astounded.

At the beginning of the century in Berlin, Germany there lived a fanatic (anyone obsessed with one idea to the exclusion of others is a fanatic) named Wilhem Von Osten. This man was convinced that animals possessed intelligence, and proceeded to prove his thesis with horses. In the brainpower of a horse named Hans the Clever (Kluge Hans), Von Osten found suitable material to prove his point.

Patiently he taught Hans how to count, add, subtract and multiply. The method employed was to line up ninepins in front of the horse and make the horse raise and lower its foot for each ninepin. In that way, by means of signs, he was able to establish a one-to-one correspondence between the ninepins and the raising and lowering of the foot.

The next step was more difficult, yet was an extension of the above method. Von Osten wrote a number on the blackboard, set up the number of ninepins corresponding to that number, and made the horse raise and lower its foot. After a while he only employed the number on the blackboard to elicit from the horse the corresponding number of foot responses. From here on the horse was taught addition, multiplication and the other operations of arithmetic. In other words Hans, seeing 6 −2 on the blackboard, could give the correct answer, 4.

Naturally, this attracted the attention of psychologists and in 1904 a committee having Prof. Pfungst as one of its members conducted experiments which denied the phenomenon. Prof. Pfungst claimed that the horse was unable to recognize letters or numbers and seemingly gave the correct answer only because of certain *unconscious* and imperceptible signs given to him by his master. Public opinion, despite Von Osten's protests, veered sharply and people said to themselves "One more hoax uncovered."

However in Elberfeld, Germany lived a wealthy jeweler named Herr Krall who was convinced of the genuineness of the phenomenon, and upon the death of Von Osten was able to inherit Kluge Hans. Herr Krall was of different temperament than Von Osten, and instead of the harsh and cruel Prussian technique used by Von Osten, he employed the more modern system of coaxing, love and genuine interest in his horses. Not only did he own Hans, but he purchased four other horses—two Arab stallions, Muhamed and Zarif; a Shetland pony, Hanschen; and a black blind stallion, Berto. With these four horses he continued Von

Osten's experiments. In very little time the first three horses excelled Kluge Hans (later Hans was led to pasturage because of an abdominal injury). Muhamed, the best horse, was after a short time able to do not only all of the arithmetical operations, but extract the square and higher roots. This, he was able to do because of his reasoning powers and not because of his memorizational powers. Also by means of a specially-devised alphabet, the horses were able to spell and read. This alphabet consisted of a letter standing for so many strokes with the right foot and so many with the left foot, so that every letter of the German alphabet was included. Besides these abilities, the horses were able to distinguish sounds, colors, scents, certain geometrical figures and to tell the time.

The arguments of Herr Pfungst against Von Osten could not stand against Herr Krall because many times Herr Krall left the investigator alone with the horses. Also, if requested, sacks were placed over the horses' heads or Herr Krall could be told to stand behind the horses, out of sight.

Best proof, of course, lay with the experiments conducted on Berto. Since Berto was blind, Krall used a series of taps on his side to distinguish the various items; i.e. one tap near the head meant one thing, another tap further away meant another, etc. Here there can be no imperceptible signs unless one wishes to believe that Herr Krall not only gave directions to Berto but answers as well—an assumption which in the face of his work with the other horses is stupid.

To extract the fourth root of a number, to multiply two large numbers together, to recognize certain geometrical combinations are startling enough, yet to spell a word from the spoken is almost too much. It leaves one at wits' end. The case mentioned is that of Maurice Maeterlinck, author of the famous "Blue Bird", who, when alone with Muhamed, spoke the word "WEIDENHOF" the name of his hotel. Imagine the consternation of Maeterlinck when the horse spelled out with his feet the word "WEIDNHOZ". There was only one error, the letter Z (the horses refused to spell out inconsequential letters like the E as used in this word).

This ability to hear a phonetic sound and transform it into a written symbol is amazing, for as far as genetic psychology is concerned, it is the first instance of encroachment upon a field believed to be held only by Man—that of symbolization. The horses were also able to make observations of their own as shown by their ability to distinguish between a man and a woman because "a woman has long hair and no moustache."

Before concluding, there is one remark that some persons may make concerning the investigations of these horses. They may say that the wish to believe on the part of the investigators unconsciously prevented them from reporting all of the facts. The same argument could be used against those who denied the evidence. Argument against a personality should not be considered valid, since it does not recognize intellectual and scientific honesty.

THE END

ARE THERE TOO MANY PEOPLE?

by Dr. Fairfield Osborn

Atomic warfare would be a minor adversity compared with the calamity that Dr. Fairfield Osborn fears—the increasing over-population of the earth. There is not enough food to go around now, and the world's population probably will double in the next 70 years or so. This is not a future problem; the disaster is already imminent! The author is president of the New York Zoological Society, president of the newly created Conservation Foundation, and author of the new book, "Our Plundered Planet." This article is based upon a recent speech of Dr. Osborn before America's Town Meeting of the Air.

WHERE were you a month ago tonight?

I am asking because there are almost 2,000,000 *more* people on the earth today than there were a month ago. They all have to get a living from it.

Let's see what this means.

Man's problem in his dimmest, most faraway days was getting his food supply and other primary living requirements. These came—all of them—from the fruitfulness of the earth—from the forests, soils and waters.

The wheel of human destiny seems to turn, but the basic facts of life remain constant.

Man's initial problem is still with him.

Let's look back for a moment. Man was born a half million years or more ago—an animal with a super brain. A few *thousand* years ago he created the structure of his present civilization. His earth once seemed infinite to him.

Only four lifetimes ago he commenced to enjoy and to suffer a series of violent new experiences, all of his own making. His civilization vibrated under the impact of the machines and other inventions created by his fertile mind, representing the growth of industrialism on the grand scale.

These events were accompanied by an explosive increase in his numbers. *Within only three centuries the population of the earth has increased five times, or from 400 million people to more than two billion. It is now increasing at a net rate that, if continued, would double the earth's population again within another 70 years.* Presumably this will not happen but it is likely that there will be three billion people or more by the end of the century.

Suddenly we are beginning to realize that perhaps our world is

becoming overcrowded. Human civilization has now spread all over the earth. Unfortunately, vast fertile regions have been injured by man. Some of them have been so ruined that they have become deserts. In such places flourishing civilizations have disappeared, their cities buried under wastes of sand.

But now, with few exceptions, there are no fresh lands anywhere. Never before in man's history has this been the case.

The cultivable lands of our world total about four billion acres. Approximately 2½ acres of land of *average productivity* are needed to sustain each person.

Therefore there is today an average of less than two acres per person and this productive land reserve is constantly diminishing due to population increases. Some countries have less than an acre of productive land per capita. No wonder there are worldwide shortages and that hundreds of millions of people are facing starvation.

Many fertile areas are today deteriorating through misuse so that even the earth's present rate of productivity is not assured. "Freedom from Want" seems to be changing from a hope to a dream. This disillusionment is undoubtedly one of the principal causes of the world's present unrest.

We are trying, through technical means, to develop new ways of sustaining human life. Chemists are at work finding ways of stimulating plant growth; horticulturists are developing new fruits and grains.

But the cornerstone of the life-supporting resources for more than two billion people involves the fundamental balance between soil, water and forests. If man continues his unthinking exploitation of these interrelated resources it will take more than a research chemist to insure survival.

The forests, soils and waters must be conserved and widely used. If we lose sight of that fact, we may be lulled into the belief that no matter how extravagant we are with them, it will turn out all right in the end, since man can do so many remarkable things on an experimental level.

No conclusion could be more damaging. Actually, our civilization is involved in an ever-growing crisis which can best be averted if sound, overall conservation programs are put into action—both nationally and internationally.

Man, the being with the super brain, adorned with infinite intellectual powers and with intimations of his own immortality, is still the living animal. He still depends upon the life-giving elements of his earth-home.

Hope for the future of man rests primarily, therefore, upon whether he realizes before it is too late that the maintenance of the earth's fertility is essential to his survival. Further, he must realize that there is a limitation to the number of people that the earth can support.

These two stark truths are today almost totally obscured by the dazzling triumphs of materialism and industrialization. We are discovering the "secrets of the universe" while we are destroying our own life-giving resources. And we are bouncing radar beams off the moon at a time when we are gradually reducing our own world to the condition of sterility of our satellite.

TUMACACORI TREASURE LEGEND

by Joe Rice

Here are directions to the fabulous lost treasure of Tumacacori Mission. Yet, nobody has found it!

WITHIN forty-five miles of Tucson, Arizona, on Nogales highway are the ruins of *Tumacacori mission*. Somewhere in the vicinity is a fabulous treasure. Here are directions by which it can be located.

The Jesuit *missions* were almost always built on the banks or near the banks of large rivers such as the Santa Cruz and the San Pedro Rivers and many others. *Missions* were built about twenty miles or six-and-one-half leagues apart. *Visitas*, or small chapels, were established halfway, making it about ten miles between contacts for the Jesuit Fathers. According to historical data, these *missions* were begun about 1680. In 1765, King Carlos III of Spain issued a stern order to the effect that all Jesuits holding *fronteras, presidios, missions* and *visitas* and mines were to be turned over to the Order of Friars Franciscans. The reason for this order was given as "due to uncooperative attitudes on the part of the Jesuit supervisors" and was a great shock to their pride and loyalty.

As word of the order reached *mission* after *mission* via Indian runners from Vera Cruz, village after village was abandoned, *missions* were burned, mines caved in and the entrances concealed by hundreds of Indian laborers. As history has proved, that order was the downfall of Spanish power, for soon reprisals began all throughout Mexico and the Dominions of Spain.

Revolutions on larger scales began in 1780 and continued spasmodically until 1812 when, as a full nation, Mexico organized and started a battle for freedom and gained it in 1821.

Beginning in that fateful year, 1765, thirty-seven *missions* and seventy-six *visitas* were destroyed in Arizona. Out of these thirty-seven *missions*, eight have been discovered.

Number one, the *mission* at *Los Angeles e Guevori*. This *mission* is in complete ruins. Its location is nine miles east of Nogales highway and forty-nine miles south of Tucson. This *mission* is believed to be the locality where the rich de la Platte silver lode was found, eight miles east of the wagon trail to Nogales at the foot of the Santa Rita Mountains, south end.

Number two is the *San Augustine del Oyant mission*. This *mission* was located on each side of the Santa Cruz river. Both chapels were connected by a tunnel. Legend tells of a large cave cut in granite at the foot of today's Tucson Range mountains. The tunnel has been found, but the cave is still a mystery. It is said to be on the east side of the range a few hundred yards south of Congress Street in Tucson. The golden ornaments

from *San Xavier* are secreted in that cave. The distance was seven miles south of *San Augustine*.

Six hundred yards south of the facade of *San Xavier*, a covered well exists. Not much gold is buried here, but it is extremely valuable because of the fact that the complete records of *San Xavier mission* are also buried here. These records give the location of the main treasure of *San Xavier* which would be gold measured by the tons. However, these treasures are insignificant compared with the *Tumacacori Mission* treasure which was valued then at twenty-five million dollars. The records speak of two thousand and nine *coretas* of gold bars, nine hundred and three *coretas* of silver bars all placed in the tunnel of the *Virgin of Guadalupe* silver mine. Also in this tunnel is about four millions in ore that was refined but never transferred to the main treasure tunnel which has a large room or cave hewn out of its breast. The location is adjoining the Cox Ranch a few miles north of the Arivoca Road. The tunnel itself is just south of the Cox Ranch land, just west of Continental Highway junction in the Paja Rita Mountains. There are six other mines belonging to the *Tumacacori Mission*. Number two is the *Waters of San Ramon*, three miles southwest of number one. Number three is *Santa Isabel*, four miles to the southeast of number one. Number four is the *Eyes of Rafael*, four miles north of number one, number five is *Ascension*, three miles east by south of number one, number six is *Tumacacori*, nine miles to the west of present ruins of mission. Number seven is *La Turisima*, placer mine two miles from number six.

The original mission, nine miles west of the *Tumacacori* ruins was destroyed by the Apache Indians in 1709. The walls of this original *mission* are in places waist high near a deep canyon about nine miles directly west. The entire key to all this treasure lies in the fortified hill in the Tumacacori Mountains. It was here that an escaping Jesuit *padre* was met by a *padre* from *Alti Mexico Mission*. After exchanging the bad news, the presiding *padre* of *Tumacacori* with the faithful Indians from *Alti Mission* helped transport their wealth. Papoto Indians, faithful to the *padre* of *Tumacacori*, helped to secrete the entire wealth of both *missions* in the nearby mine. Since extreme haste was necessary, it can be assumed that the closest mine was the one which was used. This mine was the *Waters of San Ramon*. The canyon where this mine was located has countless markers visible today. There are seven crosses carved in the walls of this canyon above the waterfall, figures of men carrying bundles. These bundles were marked by a cross, seven men, seven crosses about three quarters of a mile further south, twenty-one crosses and seven men are carved in the rock. There the trail ends.

A few years ago, about 1931, a prospector told of finding a huge oak door with an ancient lock.

So there you are, treasure hunters. Don't start from Nogales highway to *Tumacacori;* start from the old *mission* ruins, nine miles west and then travel three miles southwest. There are twenty-five millions buried there!

CAN ANCESTRAL MEMORIES BE INHERITED?

by Juan H. McBroom

By means of hypnotism, can a person be caused to remember events of a previous life?

Does the human mind contain part or all of the lost memories of our ancestors? Are actual memories of experiences inheritable? Can the scenes and experiences that we encounter so often and seem to remember, as in a dream, be merely the reflections of things that were experienced by some unnamed and now forgotten ancestor?

Or is it possible that, as many students of the occult claim, the human soul is an actual entity that does not die but passes from one dwelling place to another? If so, does this spirit retain the experience gained in other times? Can it push aside the curtains of our consciousness in times of need or stress to furnish a strength and knowledge we did not know was within us?

My interest in the subject of ancestral memories began at the age of twelve years when I witnessed a demonstration given by a stage hypnotist. To my youthful mind such a power offered possibilities that verged on the supernatural. During the next few years I spent every spare moment reading literature concerning hypnotism and other related subjects. Most of my allowance was used for the purchase of "authoritative manuals guaranteed to teach hypnotism in twenty easy lessons".

Most of my amateurish attempts at hypnosis resulted only in a headache and a growing disbelief of the veracity of the many self-admitted authorities on hypnosis I had read.

It was during a Christmas vacation period, spent with a friend in another city, that I experienced the first success with my experiments. I had casually, but boastfully, told my friend of my great powers as a hypnotist. He in turn spread this information among his acquaintances, with some elaboration as I later learned. The next evening I was called upon to give a performance. More to my own carefully concealed amazement than to that of my audience, I was unusually successful. Eight of ten volunteers were placed in a deep stage of hypnosis and I was able to carry out

many of the experiments about which I had so often read.

Later, from experience, I learned that the secret of successfully producing deep hypnosis lies in the hypnotist's ability to inspire within the subject a belief that he has the power to hypnotize. This may be accomplished by written or oral evidence that he has been successful in this field. It may also be produced by selecting a person who has previously experienced hypnosis for the initial demonstration before a strange group, thus giving absolute proof of hypnotic power. With experience, a good hypnotist gains the ability through his speech and personal force to inspire this belief in his powers.

After sixteen years of demonstrating and experimenting with the usual stage hypnotic routines, my interest began to lag. Then, more or less accidentally, I struck out into a new vein of mental research that offered unusual possibilities, namely, the retention by the subconscious mind of everything that a person has ever seen, heard, experienced or read.

It was during a discussion with a group of psychology students at the University of Minnesota that I made the statement I had often read but never investigated: "Within your subconscious mind lies all of your memories, thoughts, talents, desires and ambitions. All of these can be discovered if we look into the mirror of the subconscious." This statement was challenged by several of the others. A test was proposed to see whether or not forgotten memories could be recalled under hypnosis.

One of the group, a young lady whom I had hypnotized the week before, volunteered for the initial experiment. Her husband, a U. S. Naval flyer, had been killed in action only a few months previously. A few days prior to his death a friend had made a photograph of him in his flying togs. She had taken this last portrait to show to her mother one day and while returning home had stopped several places to shop. Upon her arrival she found that she did not have the picture. An immediate call to her mother apparently established the fact that it had been taken with her, as it was not to be found in her mother's house.

Here was the challenge: "Would it be possible by the use of hypnosis to make this subject remember where she had placed this missing picture, or when it was last in her hands?"

I put this girl, an excellent hypnotic subject, into a deep stage of hypnosis. By suggestion I took her back to the moment when she had last held the picture in her hands. I then instructed her to relive the next few minutes and to tell us just what she was doing. It developed that she was in her mother's living room, sitting in a chair with the picture in her hand. In her lap lay a copy of a popular woman's magazine. The mother called to her from the kitchen and she placed the picture in the magazine to mark her place. Activities during the afternoon erased this action

from her conscious mind. Under hypnosis she was even able to give the name and the issue of the magazine. I instructed her that she would remember all of these details upon awakening.

A call to the girl's mother within the next few minutes located the missing picture in the very magazine named. It was among a pile of periodicals which were to be disposed of the next day.

During the next few weeks I was flooded by requests to locate other lost and missing articles. In rapid succession, as much as my time would permit, I located many other items. Among them a diamond ring, a fur coat, several pairs of eyeglasses and sums of money that had been misplaced.

All of the above is given as the background for the following experiences and discussion. I might state in all honesty, that heretofore I have always maintained a rather agnostical attitude toward reincarnation, spiritualism, clairvoyance, etc. I do not claim that such are impossible, but do say that in many years of investigation I have never yet witnessed any phenomena that I myself could not reproduce or duplicate by use of hypnosis or legerdemain.

One evening while with a group of friends interested in psychological experimentation, a question was asked.

"If it is possible to bring back all memories of this present life through hypnosis, might it not also be possible to go back even further and make one remember the details of their previous lives?"

Discussion of this question disclosed the fact that this woman was a leading Rosicrucian in the community. As is well known, this sect believes in reincarnation and a continuing living soul.

This same woman volunteered as a subject for such an experiment. I had on several previous occasions conducted very successful experiments with her in locating lost memories and articles, some of which had been misplaced for several years. This time I again placed the subject, whom I shall refer to as Mrs. J., into a deep hypnotic trance. Then, through continued suggestions, I took her backward through her life, stopping occasionally to have her relive an experience. Using this method it was possible to intensify the reality of the experiment to her subconscious mind. The husband and mother of Mrs. J. were both present and testified to the veracity of experiences in her present life.

"You are now going back through the time of your childhood, faster and faster, until the time when you were first conceived. Back into the blackness beyond your birth. Everything is black and all memories of this present life are now gone. We are now approaching the point in time when you were once before on this earth. In the distance you can see light coming nearer and nearer until—

now you have arrived! You will continue to hear my voice and obey my instructions. When you open your eyes you will no longer see the room and friends you left in August, 1945. You will only see what is happening in this previous life. You will speak clearly and tell me what you are doing and what you see. Open your eyes!"

Mrs. J. opened her eyes and during the ensuing forty-five minutes gave us an apparently factual account of this other life. In actual life she was a woman of about forty years of age. During this "previous life", at the time she awakened, she was twenty-six years old. The date was June 13, 1754. She was attending a ball at a country home in Devonshire, England. Her name was one not identifiable with what is known of her family or ancestry. Neither was it any famous name well known in history or literature. Further intimate details of this "previous life" were revealed and her birth date was given as April 17, 1728. Suggestions were given to move her forward several years at a time in that life, stopping each time to have her "relive" an experience. These experiences were taken down in shorthand by another of our group and later verified to be accurate as to customs and costume of that period.

Mrs. J. was then brought forward to the present time and awakened. She had no recollection of the experiences she had just related. As a matter of fact it was very hard for us to convince her that she had given such a detailed account. Several months later this experiment was again performed with Mrs. J. This time she first awakened at the date of December 12, 1765 and declared, without hesitation, upon being questioned that she was thirty-seven years old. This checked with the birth date given in the first experiment. Other experiences, then relived, dovetailed perfectly with the data previously obtained.

This time I carried her forward in the 18th century to the time of her death, January 3, 1797. Place of burial was described and details concerning the tombstone were given. *Later investigation by colleagues in England revealed the fact that the tombstone still existed and that the dates and name were as given!* As mentioned before, this name was one not known in history or literature, as far as could be determined. The burial was in an obscure place. Mrs. J. has never been in England and is supposedly of Russian extraction.

This burial confirmation of Mrs. J.'s "18th century life" stirred up considerable interest among our group and other experiments were conducted with a number of persons. Many of these people were not told the purpose of the experiment nor were they familiar with our previous work of this kind. They thought that they were submitting to a memory check of their present life. Later, when awakened and asked their views upon reincarna-

tion and inherited memories, many of them emphasized their disbelief in such things. When confronted with the stories of their "previous lives" related by their subconscious minds, they were unable to identify the experiences with anything they had previously experienced or read.

It would take hundreds of pages to give a complete resumé of this type of experiment made since my initial demonstration with Mrs. J. They now total well over two hundred. One other of interest might be mentioned, the case of Mr. B. who apparently awakened in the body of a peasant woman of the 14th century. It was not possible to take down his experiences accurately for he spoke in a language that we adjudged to be an old form of French. Myself and two of the others who were present speak French rather fluently and were able to identify many of the words. *Mr. B., according to himself, family and friends has never spoken or studied French nor lived where French was spoken!* To his family's knowledge they have no French ancestors.

It must not be presumed that all experiments conducted were as complete and could be confirmed, as in the case of Mrs. J. Many were fragmentary. Others went back into several different "previous lives". Periods varied from the 20th century to the days of the cavemen. It was often impossible to obtain an exact date because of different methods of reckoning time. It could not be predicted at what period of history the subject would awaken. In most cases, however, if it had previously been determined that the subject had had a "previous life" during a certain period, he could usually be awakened into some date of that period. One notable exception was the case of Mr. B., who had spoken French during his initial experience. We later tried to take him back to the same life and had a native born Professor of French present to take down his speech. This time he awakened into the 18th century and I was unable to take him further back. He was not informed beforehand that this native born Frenchman was present, so this could not be taken as an evasion by his subconscious mind.

Is the foregoing fantasy or merely the romantic dreams of the various subconscious minds I have explored? Is it possible that we do live many lives and reincarnation is a reality? Perhaps we can inherit the memories of our ancestors! As far as can be determined with our present knowledge, only a small portion of our brain matter is utilized during our normal life. Previous to my initial experiment with Mrs. J. in August 1945 I would have dismissed the theory and incidents as altogether impossible and as figments of the imagination. Now, I can only say, "I do not know."

THE END

KNOWLEDGE
THAT HAS
ENDURED WITH THE
PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to interpret certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their own beings, and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

This Sealed Book—FREE

Has life brought you that personal satisfaction, the sense of achievement and happiness that you desire? If not, it is your duty to yourself to learn about this rational method of applying natural laws for the mastery of life. To the thoughtful person it is obvious that everyone cannot be entrusted with an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of life, for everyone is not capable of properly using it. But if you are one of those possessed of a true desire to forge ahead and wish to make use of the subtle influences of life, the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) will send you A Sealed Book of explanation without obligation. This Sealed Book tells how you, in the privacy of your own home, without interference with your personal affairs or manner of living, may receive these secret teachings. Not weird or strange practices, but a rational application of the basic laws of life. For your complimentary copy address your request to: Scribe J. W. R.

The ROSICRUCIANS
SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Each issue we will devote this department to your letters. Here is your chance to report on unusual events or to express your opinion.

William J. Wallrich

No spectre out of the ghost and apparition lore of the past could lay claim to more horrible frightfulness than the Spectre of The Brocken Mountain, at least not to my notion.

This aerial apparition was seen by travelers of the Hartz mountain region any number of times and strangely enough, as is rarely true of multiple descriptions of other phantoms, their accounts vary but little.

As the spectre is usually described, a lonely traveler in the weird Hartz mountains of Hanover would glance up at the horizon and find himself confronted by the gigantic figure of human appearance a quarter of a mile or more in height!

Not only was the spectre of unusually awesome proportions and appearance, but was to be seen only on or near a mountain that is infamous in itself in the occult lore of the past.

The Brocken, or Blocksberg, is in the Hartz mountains which form part of the Black Forest in one of the wildest and most savage regions of Northern Germany. It was on the Brocken that the most widely publicized of all witches' sabbaths took place.

The renown of the sabbath on the Brocken became such that in the middle of the eighteenth century cartographers who drew maps of the region usually included tiny representations of witches astride broomsticks circling in to land on the top of the Brocken.

Through the years and through numerous literary meetings with the ghostly gentleman I'd truly grown to appreciate him—for his size, for his ability to really get in there and scare the pants off people, and for his choice of spot to set up his bogey shop.

And then, just last evening, while browsing through a strange old book, but recently arrived from a fuddy old English book dealer, I read an account written in 1824 which more than effectively debunks my spooky favorite, the Spectre of the Brocken.

It would seem that a certain M. Houe, a scientific traveler, "having ascended the Brocken Mountain (says he) for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing this interesting phenomenon. About a quarter past four, I looked around to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free

prospect to the southwest, when I observed at a very great distance toward the Actermannshohe, *a human figure of tremendous size,* apparently *a quarter of a mile in stature!* A feeling of terror and astonishment oppressed me, under which a person of weaker nerves might well have sunk, but I was relieved by an accidental circumstance. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, and in moving my arm toward my head, *the colossal figure did the same!* I immediately made another movement, by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it."

There was more to M. Drue's account, much more, but for me at least the murderous deed was already done. The Spectre of the Brocken is dead, and having been a ghost probably will leave no ghost behind to haunt the witched mountain of the Brocken.

Drat.

Yes, that's the way it goes with all our pet subjects. We thought your communique so interesting we decided to pass it on to our readers. Now they'll know the truth about the famous Brocken Spectre.—Ed.

Ralph M. Holland

How about an article on the claims of Richard S. Shaver? His statements, if true, would give a logical explanation to phenomena which cannot be explained by any

The SECRET SCIENCE BEHIND MIRACLES

By Max Freedom Long

SCIENTISTS, PSYCHOLOGISTS, STUDENTS OF OCCULTISM

Here Is The Book You Always Hoped to Find

The LOST SCIENCE whose existence you have so long postulated *has been found!* Inevitably, it turned out to be the full, complete and workable science behind the miracles of all ages and faiths; behind all magic, all miraculous healing and all psychic phenomena. Its rediscovery marks the opening of a *new age!* Read the amazing story of the finding of the greatest science ever evolved by men. Learn how the incredible *magic* now becomes simply *science plus.*

THIS BOOK IS A "MUST"

416 pages — Price $4.00

KOSMON PRESS

Dept. P

2208 W. 11th ST., LOS ANGELES 6, CALIF.

PHOTOS OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO

"The Great Lover"

FIRST IMMORTAL OF THE MOVIES

A limited opportunity for the many fans who will always cherish memories of the romantic Valentino and his dynamic personality — now you can acquire a "living" photograph of the most colorful and fabulous personality ever developed by motion pictures.

Beautifully finished 8x10 portraits of RUDOLPH VALENTINO in all of his famous roles — $1 each.

ALSO MANY OTHER VALENTINO ITEMS (100 DIFFERENT POSES)

BARKER STUDIO

5704 HARPER CHICAGO 37, ILLINOIS

3 BRAND NEW Century Books

Other Titles Available

NO NICE GIRL
•
SCARLET SIN
•
LOVE BUSINESS
•
RIPE FOR LOVE

If your dealer cannot supply you with any of these titles send 25c for each title to CENTURY PUBLICATIONS, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

other means. He has not, of course, offered irrefutable proof of his statements, but, on the other hand, no one else has been able so far to disprove them, although several have tried. Therefore, as I see it, his claims are on the same level as the other subjects which you cover, namely: things which *might* be, and are therefore worthy of thought and investigation.

I am aware that the mere fact that Shaver's claims, if true, would take these other subjects out of the realm of the supernatural and mystic, and make the matter a very hot potato. To give an old saw a new set: "Hell hath no fury like a True Believer who thinks his pet 'ism' is being attacked."

Perhaps the subject is too controversial for FATE to handle at this stage of the game, although your publication of "The Negro In Tomorrow's America" would indicate that you do not particularly fear controversial subjects. However, if you decide that it's too hot to handle at present, I'll have to confess that I'll probably continue to love FATE just the same. You're doing a bang-up job.

To put it mildly, you have rather "thrown it in our teeth" about this mysterious Shaver business. First, neither FATE, nor its readers cater to any "ism". This magazine will print the truth as it sees it and "damn the torpedoes". If Richard S. Shaver has anything, we'll print the truth about it. If he hasn't, we'll print that too. Second, we consider that a subject that is not controversial is one that is settled, and "old stuff" if you'll permit us to cast that unmeaning slur at established fact. It's the "mystery" we want to solve, and the "hidden" we want to unhide. So, we consider it a challenge to be told anything might be too hot for FATE to handle. If there is one thing we are not, it is a True Believer. We believe absolutely nothing until our reason tells us to go ahead, and even then we don't believe we are justified in saying our reasoning is unimpeachable. Nor are we professional doubters. It is our opinion that the prime right of man's intellect is to accept or reject as HE decides. Knowledge, no matter how correct, when shoved down a man's throat, is tyranny—and intellectual tyranny is far worse than the salt-mine type of slavery. The man whose mind is rendered inoperative is an automaton, not a human. Therefore, Mr. Holland, we are putting a writer on Mr. Shaver's trail, and you can bet that when we present the article you want, it won't contain any cock-and-bull material. From what we've heard of Mr. Shaver's claims, we aren't going to impose any "prove it" mandate. FATE never exercises any such editorial power—it lets the reader decide for himself. To us it seems amazing that no one has seen fit to present the facts about a subject that hits our mail as often as this one does.

ADVENTURE
in the
UNKNOWN

Do you crave real excitement? Do you think the frontiers of adventure are gone forever? Do you wish you could actually participate in dangerous ventures into a little-known world?

THESE THRILLS CAN BE

YOUR OWN

In September, 1944 one of the strangest mysteries of our modern times began. It began in an obscure pulp magazine with the publishing of a letter concerning an ancient alphabet of a language Man has long forgotten. It was written by a Pennsylvania welder who claimed it was the mother tongue of all languages. His statement was challenged instantly—and as instantly found to be incredibly difficult to assail; for the alphabet worked! It worked on all languages to a degree that precluded mere chance, and the more ancient the language used to test it, the higher the percentage of consistency. Then began an astounding series of events that come to be known as "The Shaver Mystery" after the alphabet's discoverer.

NOW YOU CAN BE A MEMBER

JOIN
The Shaver Mystery Club

Participate in these startling investigations into the unknown. A postcard will bring you details.

Write:

THE SHAVER MYSTERY CLUB
Rt. 2, Box 74, Lily Lake
McHenry, Illinois

•

Send No Money, There Are No Dues

DID YOU MISS YOUR COPY TOO?

Due to the unexpected demand for FATE at the newsstands, and its increasing popularity, we are unable to anticipate local needs, and therefore many stands receive insufficient copies. You may not get future issues if you get there late. And we will be unable to get enough returns to supply mail orders for back issues. Most frequent request we receive is for back issues, from readers who missed buying one at the newsstands because they were all sold out. We can fill a few of these orders, but before very long even our office supply of back issues will be exhausted. For a short time, you can order back issues as a part of your subscription. We do not guarantee that you will receive every one, since supply is low; but if we are out of any particular issue, we will adjust your subscription to include one additional issue. The magazine you are now reading is number 6. Numbers one to five are still available.

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL WITH YOUR REMITTANCE
(You'll save money, too)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

ZONE..... STATE.....

I wish to subscribe to FATE magazine for (check square):

☐ 12 issues $2.50 ☐ 24 issues $5.00

Enclosed is ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order for $.....

Begin my subscription with the .....issue.

YOUR FUTURE

READING PLEASURE

The editors of FATE take great pleasure in forecasting some of the treats in store for you in future issues. We know, from the many enthusiastic and informative letters we receive, just what type of articles most appeal to you, and the following will give you an idea of how well we've carried out your expressed likes.

1. Andrew Ellicott Douglass has a peculiar hobby — he talks with trees. No, he's not crazy — he's one of the sanest men in America; and what the trees tell him is important *to you* in the news today. Don't miss THE MAN WHO TALKS WITH TREES.
2. Just how is firewalking done? How do the firewalkers of Fiji walk unharmed on bare feet over a veritable inferno? Hereward Carrington, America's foremost psychic investigator, gives you the facts in WALKING ON FIRE.
3. Down in the South American jungle, Kurt Severin ran into one of the most amazing adventures of his life — when he attended a *yagee* orgy and saw a native witchdoctor "tune in" mentally on a New York symphony orchestra. Let him describe it for you in PSYCHIC SYMPHONY.
4. We've all heard ghost stories, but what about a ghost that was insane? Certainly one of the most unusual ghost stories you've ever heard is THE INSANE GHOST.
5. Has America's government ever been influenced by the "spirits"? Do Presidents consult the "dead" before making decisions in matters of state? Is our government's rule influenced from "beyond the grave"? Read the startling exposé in ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WAS HE A MYSTIC?
6. Whose life was saved because Knute Rockne "chose" to die in her place? Read I GAVE MY SEAT TO DEATH.

These are but a few of the startling articles which will come to you in the next few issues. Reader reception is proving that FATE is the most thought-provoking magazine ever to hit the American newsstands. You can't afford to take a chance on missing these factual stories of the unusual. What is *really* going on in the world today? Your FATE is involved, so keep posted. Your best bet is a subscription. Do it now!